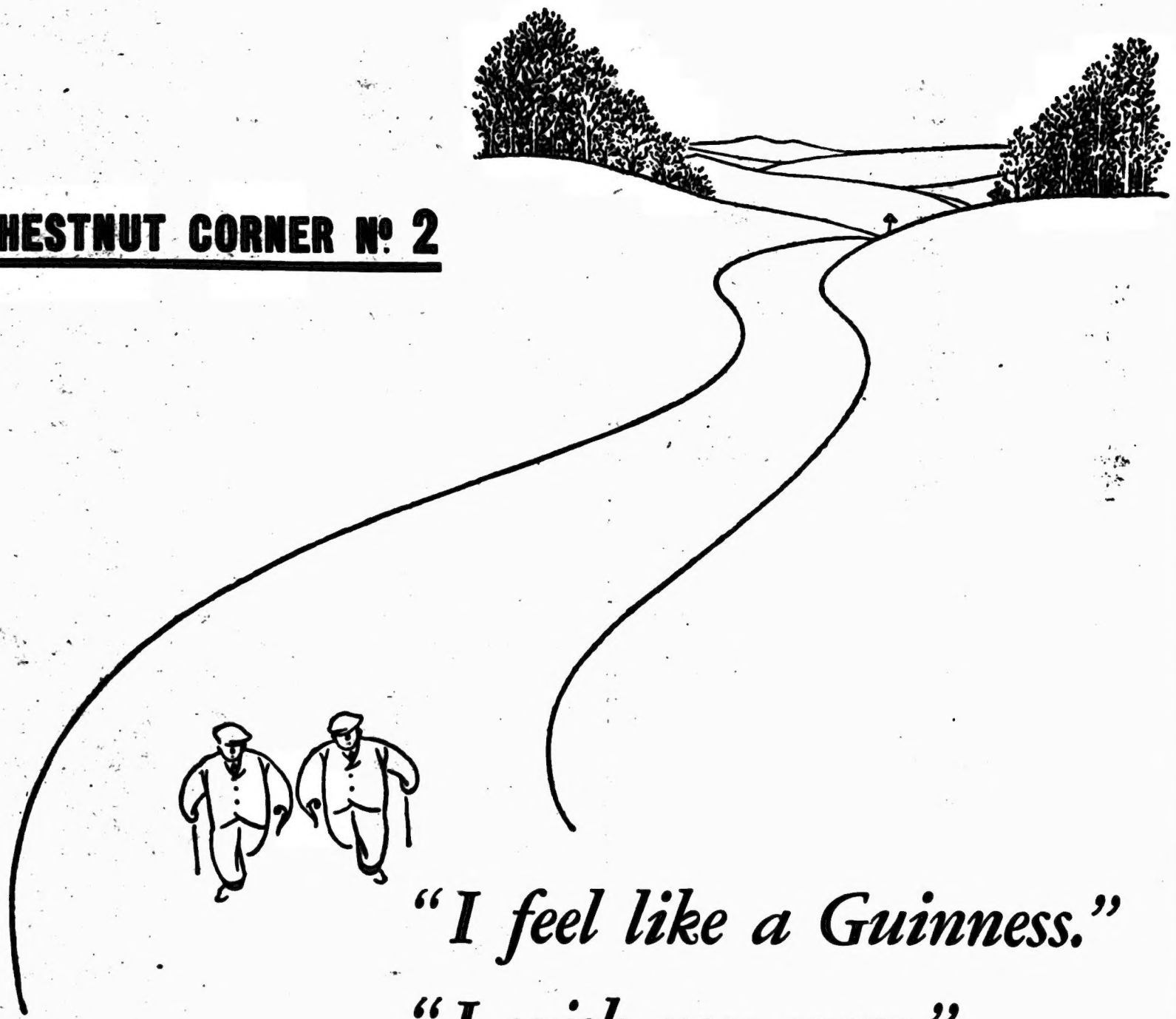
VOL. LXVI. 1725

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE



"I feel like a Guinness."

"I wish you were."

There are many occasions, especially in hot or oppressive weather, when you really feel the need of a *Guinness*. It isn't just the thirst that's calling, or a desire for a drink; you realise that only Guinness will give you the refreshment and strength you need. The very taste of Guinness is refreshing. And Guinness not only refreshes but also *strengthens* you, so that the refreshment lasts.

Even more millions of glasses of Guinness a day are drunk in summer than in winter. That is good evidence of the power of Guinness to refresh you. Prove it yourself even more surely—by treating yourself to a glass of Guinness today and every day. Guinness is good for you.

G.E. 893.D

Wonderful Lifetime GIFT!

TWO YEARS' Guarantee ACCOMPANIES EACH PEN
Illustration of Pen and Pencil is larger than actual size in order to show clearly the streamline beauty of this Writing Set.

LOOK! A superb SOLID GOLD NIB, SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN guaranteed for two years, and a companion EVER-POINTED PROPELLING PENCIL—both made to match in a beautiful brilliant black material—the perfect Writing Set—yours FREE! That is the superb Gift which readers of "John Bull" are invited to accept to-day. But you must apply at once on the Forms below. Supplies of this magnificent Writing Set are strictly limited and all applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. This is a chance not to be missed. Don't delay! Be amongst the first to reserve this great Gift by filling in the Forms below and posting them TO-DAY!

This Beautiful Modern Streamlined

WRITING SET

consisting of

SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN AND COMPANION PROPELLING PENCIL

FREE!

for every reader of "John Bull"

The Fountain Pen is fitted with a guaranteed 14-carat solid gold nib which has a velvet-smooth tip of iridium—making writing a joy and ensuring a perfect pen with years of writing service. The pen is exquisitely made out of an unbreakable material. It is fitted with the latest classic style clip.

The Ever-Pointed Pencil is made of the same unbreakable material as the pen. It is fitted with the new classic style clip and has a non-overturnable propel, repel and expel movement. There is a lead container at the top of the pencil and extra leads are provided. Both the pen and pencil are of an attractive modern streamline design, especially constructed and finished to give perfect balance and grip.

All you are asked to do to secure this splendid Gift is, AS A NEW READER, to give "The Picturegoer" a fair trial—take it for 10 weeks commencing with the issue ON SALE Thursday, July 6. In return "The Picturegoer" will present to you this splendid Writing Set FREE!

There is no "catch." There are no hidden conditions. THERE IS NOT A PENNY TO PAY OTHER THAN THE NOMINAL AMOUNT OF 6d. (sixpence) at the end of the trial period, which includes special packing, insurance and postage, etc.

DO THIS NOW!

Fill in the Reservation Form "A" and Label below, affix a halfpenny stamp to the Label, and post at once to "The Picturegoer." This reserves your Writing Set in your name.

On receipt of the Reservation Form and Label "The Picturegoer" will immediately send you your FREE GIFT VOUCHER on which to qualify for your Fountain Pen and Propelling Pencil by cutting out and sending in with the Voucher Ten consecutive tokens from separate weekly issues of "The Picturegoer." Applicants from this announcement may start with Token No. "19" in the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of the issue of "The Picturegoer" now on sale or subsequent issues. No tokens prior to No "19" and no other Series of Tokens will be accepted.

It is a condition of this offer that your Newsagent must hold a written order for the regular supply to you of "The Picturegoer." Hand him your Order to-day.

NO PERSON MAY APPLY FOR MORE THAN ONE FREE WRITING SET.

This wonderful Gift is being made by "The Picturegoer" to celebrate years of unparalleled success in film journalism, and to introduce itself to an even wider circle of readers. The issue on sale Thursday, July 6, is a grand number with which to start your acquaintanceship with the greatest screen magazine in Europe. It has brilliant behind-the-scenes gossip of London and Hollywood studios—the life story of Bette Davis—the truth about Dorothy Lamour—intimate news and photographs of the famous—and, in addition, two exquisite whole-page portraits in colour of Lupe Velez and Lloyd Nolan.

POST THE FORMS BELOW AT ONCE!

(CUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE FORM AND LABEL.)

A "THE PICTUREGOER"

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM

Self-Filling Fountain Pen and Propelling Pencil FREE.

RESERVATION FORM

Address your envelope exactly as shown below and post to—

WRITING SET DEPT. J, "THE PICTUREGOER,"
3, ARNE STREET, LONDON, W.C.2 (Prof.).

This Form Reserves the Free Writing Set for you.

In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name my Writing Set Gift and send me a Voucher on which to qualify. I certify that I am NOT already a reader of "The Picturegoer" and have not purchased the journal for the past three months. I undertake AS A BONA-FIDE NEW READER to give "The Picturegoer" a fair trial for TEN weeks. I will see that the undermentioned newsagent has my written order for the regular supply of "The Picturegoer," and give his name and address for verification purposes.

The Label on the right MUST bear a halfpenny stamp and be filled in with your name and FULL POSTAL ADDRESS and should be written in BLOCK LETTERS. This Reservation Form with Label on right may be posted in unsealed envelope bearing a ½d. stamp.

New Reader's Signature .....

Write clearly in BLOCK LETTERS } Full Postal Address .....

.....

Newsagent's Name .....

Address .....

Date _____

Checked and Verified

.....
District Supervisor

The last day for receipt of applications from this announcement is Tuesday, July 18.

This offer applies only to those residing in Gt. Britain, N. Ireland or Eire. Applicants in Eire will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

"John Bull," 8.7.39

A Halfpenny Stamp MUST be affixed here by YOU

NAME

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

.....

.....

.....

Pic./J. W.S.

SOUTH WESTERN

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO LTD
Dept. B Huyton Road, Tulse Hill, S.W.2

FREE PENCIL FOR YOU

EARN £5 to £15 WITH THIS CATALOGUE

START YOUR DRIVER'S CLUB RIGHT AWAY

Become a Xmas Club Agent for Driver's . . . . send for our new Catalogue NOW. It brings you ABSOLUTELY FREE a fine Triple-Action Pencil and the opportunity to earn £5 to £15 easily in your spare time. Crammed full of bargains in Household and Fancy Goods, Toys, Chocolates, Cigarettes, etc., this superbly illustrated book will get you members by the score. Generous commission paid! Post Coupon to-day. The sooner you start your Club, the more money you will make. ACT NOW!

FILL IN AND POST TO-DAY.

Please send me Catalogue and FREE Pencil without obligation on my part.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....C 31

SAMUEL DRIVER LTD
MARSHALL STREET LEEDS

1 WAY BEDCHAIR

Easy Chair
Lounge Chair
Full-length Bed
Fire-side Seat

FULL SIZE

17/6

69 in. long when extended, 23in. wide. Solid oak, 3 velvet cord cushions any colour; turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Catalogue J. Cash or 1/- weekly H.P. Carriage Paid home, 2/6, Eng., Scot. and Wales.

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD.
52, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1

FILMS FREE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

We lend your Camera FREE with an ultra-rapid British-made 'Gratispool' film to advertise the Gratispool Service. SO 'CATCH.' Send this advt. with name, address and 3d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., and free film will be sent by return. ALL STANDARD SIZES: 1¼ x 2¼, 2¼ x 2¼, 2 x 3, or 2¼ x 1¾ films, and to fit KODAK 620 Camera.

GRATISPOOL LTD. (Dept. J.B.12.), 207, William Street, Glasgow, C.2.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

The GRAVES "EPWORTH" patent combined Washer and Wringer eliminates toil from wash-day, and saves you all Laundry charges. It washes every thing thoroughly and quickly, and does not injure dainty fabrics. Large capacity tank, newest pattern cast Rustless Metal Agitator, brass draw-off tap; wringer fitted with 16-inch solid rubber rollers, single screw cantilever adjustment, covered cog wheels, reversible clamps, two-way water drain, detachable mangling board. Finished in mottled Bluegrey enamel. Carr. Paid.

5/- Monthly

Terms 5/- monthly. 24

CATALOGUE sent Post Free

J. B. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

The Greatest Piano Accordion Offer ever made

YOURS FROM 1/6 WEEKLY

PIETRO DE LUXE

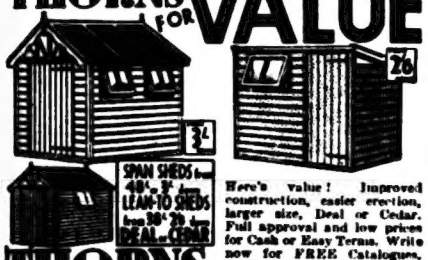
Used in Accordion C'nds and Dance Bands.

£8	8	0	value	24	bass model for	£4	19 6
£12	13	6	"	48	" "	£9	19 6
£15	15	0	"	80	" "	£10	19 6
£22	10	0	"	120	" "	£15	15 0

This remarkable offer gives players of quite ordinary means the opportunity of possessing a World Famous PIETRO PIANO ACCORDION. In white, blue, black or rose pearl de luxe finish, with gold and silver decorations. Illustrated catalogue, post free.

J. & A. MARGOLIN (Dept. J.B.87), 112, Old St., London, E.C.1

THORNS FOR VALUE



Here's value! Improved construction, easier erection, larger size, Deal or Cedar. Full approval and low prices for Cash or Easy Terms. Write now for FREE Catalogues.

SHEDS ..... 40ft.
GARAGES ..... 40ft.
GREENHOUSES ..... 40ft.
AVIARIES ..... 40ft.
ARMY HUTS ..... 40ft.
Please state catalogue required.

THORNS

(Dept. 6B), Brampton Road, BEXLEYHEATH, KENT.
(Dept. 6B), 28, Corporation St., MANCHESTER.

SAMPLE OFFER

Good! it's MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS

On receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage and packing together with name and address we will send you a bottle of Mason's Extract of Herbs, together with Yeast, sufficient to make 1 gallon of Mason's Sparkling Herb Beer.

NEWBALL & MASON LTD. (Dept. F), NOTTINGHAM.

MASONS HERB BEER — ONE GALLON FREE

As good as a pension for life!

CROWN CREDIT CLUBS OFFER YOU AN AGENCY FOR THE FINEST CREDIT CLUB IN THE COUNTRY.

£3 CASH or £4 GOODS can be earned regularly in Commission!

ONLY 5 MEMBERS REQUIRED

NO DRAWING FOR TURNS. NO WAITING FOR GOODS.

1,500 ARTICLES TO SELECT FROM AT 2/6 5/- 7/6 10/-

ALL GOODS DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT OF 1/6

This lovely Art. Silk Frock is one of THE 1,500 BARGAINS offered in our 212-page Catalogue sent Free with full particulars on receipt of coupon.

Post in unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp only.

Name .....

Address .....

J.B.62

ATLAS STORES LTD. 61 MARLBOROUGH STREET, MANCHESTER 1

Positively the greatest Bargain ever offered to the DEAF

"Size of a Sixpence Earphone" (no battery) offered this week for 25/-. Previously sold at £7.7.0. The greatest little deaf-aid ever designed. No Batteries—No Wires—No Other Parts—No Renewals—Absolutely Invisible. Amazing Power. Never before has such a bargain been offered to the Deaf. DEFINITELY THE LAST WEEK OF THIS SPECIAL OFFER.

This Week 25/- only
Previously £7-7-0

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now, D. & J. Hill, Ltd., Supply Dept., 245, Oxford St., London, W.1 (over Oxford Circus Tube Station). Hours 10 to 6, Saturdays 10 to 1. *Supplied under National Health Benefit.*

FOR GENERAL USE AND HOME OR SEA BATHING. RUPTURE

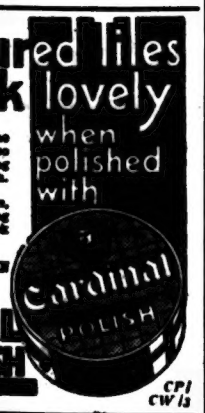
NO UNDERSTRAPS. NO HIP PRESSURE.

The most objectionable part of a Rupture Support is the understrap and the tightness of the band around the body, particularly in warm weather. The Pallant De Luxe Rail and Rocket Appliance DOES NOT REQUIRE UNDERSTRAPS and there is NO TIGHT PRESSURE AROUND THE HIPS. The Pallant gives absolute security and undreamed of comfort. Being waterproof it can be used for HOME and SEA BATHING as well as for general wear. The Pallant will control your rupture NO MATTER HOW SEVERE. To prove our claim, we offer a TRIAL FOR SEVEN CLEAR DAYS BEFORE PAYMENT. YOU NEED NO MONEY AND RUN NO RISK. Societies usually allow the whole cost. Write or call and test this new invention.

TEST IT BEFORE YOU PAY

BLUNDEN Surgical Appliance Co., Ltd. (Dept. 129H), 9 Oxford St., London, W.1
Manchester Branch: 6, John Dalton St.

Multi-coloured tiles look lovely when polished with Cardinal POLISH



A fine glossy finish which enriches the colour of Multicoloured Tiles is so quickly and easily obtained by using Cardinal (TRANSPARENT) polish.

Also in Red, White, Cream, Green, Buff, etc., for colouring and polishing unglazed Tiles, Front Steps, Brick and Cement paths, etc.

WILL NOT WASH OFF IN THE RAIN

Of all Dealers.

CARDINAL POLISH

TINS: 6d. and 1/-

CPI CW13

BUILD A BUSINESS BY MAIL

Shopkeepers & Manufacturers.

LOCAL trade is limited, so why not advertise in "John Bull's" famous "Shop Window" and sell countrywide? Expert advice on suitability of goods and advertisements written by "John Bull's" mail order specialist—free, of course. Details without obligation. Write on business letterheading to:—The Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," Room 20, 87/93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PURE BEER FOR 1D PER PINT

ALE OR STOUT

SPLENDID TONIC AND FOOD

EASILY MADE AT HOME FROM VIGGORMALT. The Pure Triple-Strength Extract of Malt and Hops. Free Yeast with Each Tin—Simply add Cold Water. Get a Shilling tin of Viggormalt today from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International Co-ops, Parkes or any Store Chemist or Grocer; or send stamps or P.O. for 1/- direct to Viggormalt, Ltd., Dept. 7F, Davigdor Rd., Hove, Sussex. Post Free U.K. and Eire. Foreign postage extra. State whether for Ale or for Stout when ordering.

ONLY "SHIELD" AGENTS GET ALL THESE ADVANTAGES!

MAKE £5-£25 IN YOUR SPARE TIME

It's easy to turn a little spare time into a lot of spare cash—if you're a "Shield" Xmas Club Agent. Everything's designed for your success—an outstanding Catalogue illustrated in colour and photographs—the finest selection of Chocolates, Fancy Goods, Household Articles, Toys, etc., obtainable—the greatest value for money—making sales quick and easy.

* WINES AT WHOLESALE PRICES
* NO OUTLAY
* HIGH CASH COMMISSION
* CASH PRIZES
* FREE OUTFITS

FREE GIFT VALUE 5/6 FOR EVERY AGENT

as well as other valuable presents. Make up your mind to become an Agent.

★ Send at once for full details and the "Shield" Catalogue absolutely FREE.

THE "SHIELD" XMAS CLUB (Dept. 26), BRADFORD

Every man between 16 and 60 should Get this FREE BOOK

★ If you want to be fit, have power, confidence, strength, health, perfect physique, such as you have never enjoyed before, send at once for a free copy of a special illustrated book entitled "Supermanity," written by Harold Laurance, the world's most perfect superman, undefeated Triple Strength Champion of Great Britain and Official Olympic Games Representative, who is offering a course of Physical Culture carried out in your own home at only 1/- a week, and there is a £1,000 in cash and other prizes open to all who enrol. Turn to pages 4 and 5 now and get full particulars of his wonderful offer by filling in the coupon.

Turn to the SPECIAL OFFER on Pages 4 and 5.

Big Savings on PHOTOGRAPHIC COSTS

JEROME SPOOLS

Five popular sizes. After exposure return to us. We will make 8 postcard prints 5½ x 3½ in. at 2d. each. No charge for developing spool. Failures credited in full. Enclose P.O. 1/4 crossed "&Co." and 2d. stamp for return postage. Write name and address in block capitals and send to

6d

JEROME LTD.
BOVAY PLACE, HOLLOWAY, N.7 & BRANCHES

THORNS FOR VALUE

Here's value! Improved construction, easier erection, larger size, Deal or Cedar. Full approval and low prices for Cash or Easy Terms. Write now for FREE Catalogues.

JARAGES ..... 8ft. 6in.
SHEDS ..... 6ft. 6in.
GREENHOUSES ..... 6ft. 8in.
AVIARIES ..... 6ft. 8in.
ARMY HUTS ..... 6ft. 8in.
Please state Catalogue required.

THORNS

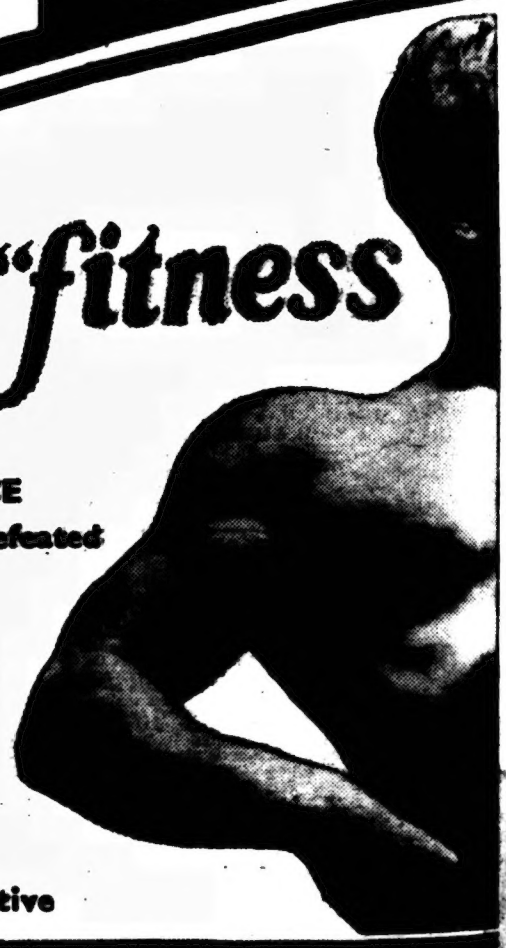
(Dept. 6D), Brampton Rd., BEXLEYHEATH, KENT.
(Dept. 6D), 28, Corporation Street, MANCHESTER.

HAROLD LAURANCE *In* EVERY MAN *from* 16 *to* 60 *years of age to* BE a SUPER "fitness

Here is a clarion call to every man—

a golden opportunity for all between the ages of 16 and 60 to gain glorious health, wonderful strength and superlative physique in 1939.

Harold Laurance—world-famous for his astounding success in converting weak men of all ages into "Supermen"—offers his great "WORLD-BEATER" course of home training on unprecedented terms. For the small sum of **1s. per week** he guarantees to give to every one who enrols for his course **Radiant Health, Superlative Physique, Mighty Strength, Virile Masculinity** and **Dominating Personality.**



HAROLD LAURANCE
Triple Undefeated Strength Champion of GREAT BRITAIN
Official Olympic Games Representative

for only **1/-** **PER WEEK**

Nothing like the "WORLD-BEATER" course has ever before been seen. Simple to follow with no special diets and requiring in some cases only 10 minutes and never more than 20 minutes of time every day, it can lift the weakest, thinnest man from physical mediocrity to the very pinnacle of perfection. It shows pupils how to rid themselves for ever of such troublesome complaints as indigestion, constipation, catarrh, bad circulation, anæmia, pimples, bad breath, etc. It teaches the care of the vital organs so that perfect health may be preserved throughout life. It reveals the true secrets of respiratory and scientific muscle-manipulation. It directs the pupil how to systematically increase his body-weight where desired and increase his muscular development to the very limit of his possibilities. Every pupil is under the personal care of Harold Laurance; each lesson is personally prescribed to suit the pupil's individual requirements; every pupil is supplied with a splendid assortment of apparatus FREE; and every pupil is guaranteed SUCCESS under Harold Laurance's amazing declaration:—

"Enrol for my 'WORLD-BEATER' course," he says, "complete the 8 lessons, and if, at the end of that period you are not completely satisfied that you have reached 'Supermanity,' I WILL CONTINUE TO TRAIN YOU AND SUPPLY APPARATUS—WITHOUT ANY CHARGE WHATSOEVER—UNTIL YOU ARE FULLY SATISFIED."

As an extra incentive and encouragement to pupils Harold Laurance also offers, in addition to the Priceless Gifts of Perfect Health and Physical Strength, £1,000 in prizes for progress on the "WORLD-BEATER" course. Every pupil has nine separate chances to win one of the monthly awards, including prizes of £10, £5, £1, Medals and Diplomas, besides a chance to win the larger awards of £100, £25 and £15 for progress over the entire course.

No other Physical Director has ever dared to make such an offer—because no other Physical Director has ever achieved such an astonishing record of success.

More than 90% of Harold Laurance pupils report prize-winning progress!!!

TO ENCOURAGE THE MAN IN THE PURSUIT OF HAROLD

£1,000 IN PRIZES

★ Two
★ Two
★ Two

TO PUPILS OF HIS "WORLD-BEATER" COURSE.

★ Every Pupil taking the WORLD-BEATER Course at 1/- per week is eligible for the Grand Award of £100. Every pupil has 9 separate chances of winning £10, £5, £1, a Medal or a Diploma. The same pupil can win an unlimited number of awards, month by month.

The prizes will be awarded on the progress reported

FOR FULL PARTICULARS

vites . . .

MAN NOW!

wins"

THE
'WORLD-BEATER'
COURSE OF HOME TRAINING

so phenomenally successful for over 70,000 men between the ages of 16 and 60, including eminent Doctors, members of the Army, Navy and Air Force, Professional Men, Business Men, Clerical and Manual Workers, Golfers, Footballers—in fact, Men in every walk of life—and which

WILL GIVE YOU

★RADIANT HEALTH ★PERFECT PHYSIQUE ★VIRILE MANHOOD ★MENTAL POWER
★MIGHTY STRENGTH ★SELF-CONFIDENCE ★MAGNETIC PERSONALITY ★TIRELESS ENERGY

UNDER A SENSATIONAL GUARANTEE
AND ALL APPARATUS FREE

★ The Apparatus, which is sent FREE to every pupil, is the simplest and yet most effective, requiring NO FIXING OR FITTING, and can be used in the smallest space . . . it includes . . .

THE "LAURANCE STAMINATOR"

—THE GREATEST BODY-BUILDING APPLIANCE OF ALL TIME AND ACCLAIMED BY EMINENT DOCTORS. ALSO SPINAL DEVELOPERS, WRIST UNITS, TRIPLE RESISTANCE UNITS, ETC.

★ THE "World-Beater" Course consists of 8 complete lessons. Pupils are taught how to overcome common ailments—indigestion, constipation, catarrh, bad breath, pimples, anæmia, etc. Detailed instructions are given on weakening complaints and habits. There is no special diet, but pupils are shown how to double the value of ordinary foods. The newly-evolved and wonderfully effective tendon strengthening movements are included. Special instructions in scientific muscle-manipulation, the control of nervous energy, the strengthening of the vital organs and the preparation of the body for maximum muscular development are all part of this gigantic course. The range of scientific exercises for the rapid development of great strength and muscular symmetry is the greatest and most comprehensive ever compiled. The "WORLD-BEATER" Course transcends in positive value and amazing effectiveness anything that the world has seen before.

YOU CAN TAKE THE FIRST STEP TO "SUPERMANITY"

-BY POSTING THIS NOW-

★ Please send me free of cost or obligation particulars of your "WORLD-BEATER" COURSE, which I can obtain for 1/- a week, and details of your £1,000 Prize Offer.

★ Also Free Copy of your interesting fully illustrated book "Supermanity," together with prospectus of the Laurance Institute and a FREE Presentation Copy of your specially reproduced and autographed Prize Winning Pose Photographs.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

POST TO—
HAROLD LAURANCE,
LAURANCE INSTITUTE OF HEALTH AND STAMINA, LTD.
LUDGATE HOUSE, 110, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Post in unsealed ½d. STAMPED envelope. J.B.8/7/39

THE
'WORLD-BEATER'
★ COURSE ★

apart from creating fine physique and exceptional strength is specially and personally adapted by Mr. Laurance for those who require it to give

POSITIVE AND LASTING FREEDOM FROM

★ Indigestion
★ Constipation
★ "Nerves"
★ Catarrh
★ Lack of Energy
★ Colds and Coughs
★ Anæmia
★ Circulatory Disorders
★ Obesity
★ Underweight
★ Inferiority Complex

and is indeed the ideal way in which to be rid of these and many other common but troublesome ailments.

HOOD OF THE COUNTRY PHYSICAL FITNESS LAURANCE OFFERS

1st PRIZES of £100
2nd PRIZES of £25
3rd PRIZES of £15

EVERY MONTH A CHANCE TO WIN ONE OF THE

157 PRIZES OF £10, £5, £1 MEDALS and DIPLOMAS

by postal pupils in relation to each pupil's original measurements on joining. Thus, all have a fair and equal chance. ★The Judges under this offer are Editor of "Health and Strength," Geo. Walsh, and Frank Miles, the well-known physical culture authorities.

POST COUPON

double your pleasure with

PARK DRIVE

10 for 4½d

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED (MILD)

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1939.
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Straight from the Shoulder

Hitler's London Gambles

YOU are going to hear from many politicians and others in the next few months that "all the signs point to war."

Some of them will venture to prophesy a date. Take no notice of them.

It is part of the Nazi game to keep us making such guesses.

Germany, quite willing to provide the signs, doesn't want the war.

Rigging the Exchange

She has, in fact, sent two financial experts over here to keep a finger on the pulse of the Stock Exchange.

The reason? She knows that months of alternating political tension and relaxation are ahead, and that prices will rise or fall with the international barometer.

Helped by these advisers in London, Germany intends to make big money from carefully timed operations on the London Stock Exchange.

Biggest Ever

She has done it before—even before the seizure of Austria—and has financed all her foreign propaganda by this method.

But the new campaign of stimulating British "jitters" is to be the biggest yet.

Keep Cool

How often have we told you not to get jittery—that there's no need? As far back as the end of last year, when so many people were saying that war within a few days was inevitable.

We now repeat: Don't get jittery. It's playing the Nazi game.

Cracked Front

And don't get the idea that while we are a nation of muddlers Germany is functioning as a perfect machine.

We have our muddles, all right. That's why JOHN BULL is doing a bit of heavy booting.

But if you knew what bitter disputes are going on between the German leaders, who are presenting such an unbroken front to a hostile world—well, you wouldn't think things are so bad.

He's Wily

Every Nazi leader is blaming every other for muddle and inefficiency.

(*Continued overleaf.*)

Secrets

BEHIND THE NEWS

AT HOME—

Nearly half a million troops are earmarked for mock warfare on Dartmoor in early autumn.

* * *

NOTHING SINISTER LIES BEHIND THE BIG FIRES IN LONDON'S "DANGER ZONE." THE SEQUENCE IS JUST UNFORTUNATE COINCIDENCE.

* * *

Harrow has dismissed eight masters, has only 500 of the normal complement of 750 boys, owing to jitters among wealthy parents. Eton is one of the few public schools still full up.

* * *

BIGGEST TURF LAW CASE FOR MANY YEARS WILL SOON BE HEARD. IT CENTRES ROUND A BETTING MAN'S IMMENSE WINS.

* * *

Standard of flying performance set by the new Fleet Air Arm has proved too high for a number of young men accepted on probation for short service commissions. They have had to resign. Incidentally, there have been many accidents in training.

* * *

Sweeping legal reforms are being considered because only two or three King's Bench judges are left in London. All the rest are on provincial circuits; London's arrears of litigation are mounting up.

* * *

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S VISIT TO LONDON IN SEPTEMBER OR OCTOBER IS NOW FIXED—BARRING ACCIDENTS.

* * *

Mother may come, too. Mrs. Roosevelt, senior, was so impressed by the King that she wants to accompany her son and daughter-in-law.

* * *

Projected £6,000,000 war chemicals factory is first instalment of official scheme to build great arms works and then transfer them to supervision by private companies.

* * *

ARRIVAL IN LONDON OF NEW YUGO-SLAV AMBASSADOR SIGNIFIES THAT HIS COUNTRY HAS DECIDED TO JOIN UP WITH THE DEMOCRACIES.

* * *

"Ma" Roosevelt liked the King so much that she wants to visit Britain

Reserve plan to extend Militia up to age groups of twenty-three or twenty-four exempts men who have served apprenticeship in vital trades.

* * *

Vitamin B tablets and injections, new cure for common type of deafness that has proved highly successful in America during the last five years, is to be tried out in Britain.

—AND ABROAD

List of reparations paid by Germany, drawn up for Hitler by Dr. Schact, will be the basis of a demand for the return of "money illegally extracted."

* * *

Reason for sudden Nazi toleration of Jewish doctors: alarming slump in public health. Within six years, diphtheria, dysentery and fatal scarlet fever cases have almost doubled, infantile paralysis more than quadrupled.

* * *

Petrol rations for private German motorists are to be introduced because, as we have told you, the Army cannot get sufficient supplies.

* * *

Owing to new tax, substitutes for pipe tobacco now include cherry blossoms, clover, orris root powder, dried nettles and thyme. So Germans are reminded of what they had to smoke in 1918.

* * *

ESSENTIAL PART OF HITLER'S PLAN IS THAT SPAIN MAKES FULL MILITARY ALLIANCE WITH GERMANY. NEGOTIATIONS ARE IN FULL SWING.

* * *

PASSIVE RESISTANCE CAMPAIGN OF CZECHS IS GROWING. THE WHOLE NATION HAS SUDDENLY BECOME AWKWARD. THINGS KEEP BREAKING DOWN!

* * *

That's why still more S.S. troops are being drafted into the country, which in turn is why President Hacha threatens to resign.

* * *

Central European situation has been completely reversed in a fortnight owing to Hungary's sudden opposition to Berlin.

* * *

So Slovakians are now confident that their country won't be divided between Germany and Hungary, but that Hungary will be shared out among Germany and Slovakia!

* * *

U.S.A. will definitely not sell to Germany any helium—the gas used in airships. But 220,000 cubic feet are to be sold to Poland, ostensibly for use in stratosphere balloons, actually for military purposes.

* * *

TRUTH BEHIND RUMOURS ABOUT EX-CHANCELLOR SCHUSCHNIGG IS THAT HE IS STILL ALIVE AND IMPRISONED IN VIENNA, BUT HAS LOST AN EYE OWING TO NERVE PARALYSIS.

* * *

Italy's war chief, Badoglio, has drawn up Plan F12b, which provides, in case of war, for the invasion of French Somaliland by 20,000 troops as part of a four-way African offensive.

Rent Strikes Peril

—How the Cabinet Must Act

JOHN BULL, despite its reluctance to advocate the use of the strike weapon, sympathises with the rent strikers.

It warns the Cabinet that, unless drastic housing reforms are speedily forthcoming, an ugly situation will develop into a really grave one.

Already there are clashes with the police and the inevitable allegations of "police brutality"—vouched for in one district by a bishop and other clergymen.

From London to Glasgow, Birmingham to Sunderland, there is bitter discontent with high rents and bad conditions.

THE HUNDRED THOUSAND TENANTS WHO ARE WITHHOLDING PAYMENT FROM THEIR LANDLORDS REPRESENT MORE THAN HALF A MILLION WHO HAVE BEEN VICTIMISED BECAUSE OF THE GOVERNMENT'S STUPIDITY AND OBSTINACY.

* * *

Their landlords retort that the way to seek a remedy is through Parliament.

But Parliament has withdrawn its protection. Downing Street ignores the protests of experts and plain citizens alike.

JOHN BULL was the first to predict that last year's amendment of the Rent Restriction Act would result in wholesale rent increases.

In the face of strong opposition, however, the new law was steam-rollered through Parliament.

With the result that rents have risen in many districts from 30 to 40 per cent.

Up to a guinea a week is being charged for three basement rooms with no conveniences.

For two rooms, so damp that paper will not stay upon the walls and the occupants have spells in hospital for lumbago and rheumatism, 13s. to 15s. is a common charge.

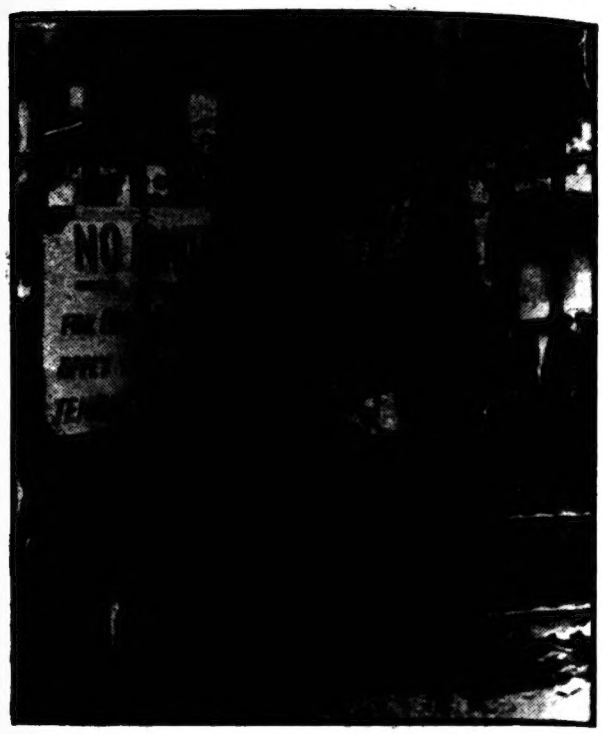
As much must be paid for rooms infested with rats and other vermin.

In many other examples brought to our notice the property has long been condemned by local authorities, and for years the owners have refused to do repairs.

It is monstrous enough, as a T.U.C. survey has established, that nearly half the wages of lower-paid workers is spent on rent.

It is intolerable that this high proportion is—in scores of thousands of homes—extracted by landlords of the worst type.

The courts are fast learning, indeed, that the strikers have right on their side, even though a senseless and prejudiced law persists in denying them justice.



Strongly guarded gates are unlocked for him; but rent collectors and bailiffs would have to surmount the barbed wire

One county court judge has described the victims haled before him as "highly desirable tenants."

The chairman of a rates court, dealing with people who were technically in arrears with rates owing to rent strikes, has declared:

"We feel strongly about the position of these tenants. What they have told us has been extremely illuminating, and shows the hardship they have to suffer.

"We have no alternative but to issue distress warrants, but they will be suspended while weekly payments are made."

Social workers, clergy and councillors, knowing how many people are being forced to deny themselves food in order to satisfy extortionate syndicates, have helped to form the tenants' associations that are fighting so tenaciously in many towns.

The Stepney Tenants' League, apart from its triumph last week, has in six months recovered £50,000 in overcharged rent and lowered rent-rolls by £18,000 a year.

In Shoreditch, rents have been brought down by as much as 4s. 2d. a week. Many associations have compelled landlords to undertake repairs or to provide sanitary conveniences that should be made compulsory by law.

BUT THESE ISOLATED VICTORIES, GRATIFYING THOUGH THEY ARE, CANNOT PREVENT DISCONTENT BECOMING MORE BITTER AND TEMPERS MORE FRAYED.

* * *

Nor can they prevent judges from having to issue, against their will, distress warrants to grasping owners who refuse to forgo their pound of flesh.

The Cabinet must agree to restore the protection of the Rent Acts.

More. Local authorities must be given complete power to compel bad landlords to carry out essential repairs and to provide modern conveniences.

Finally, there should be an end of the automatic issue of distress warrants. Evictions should be possible only when the landlords have fulfilled their obligations and their tenants are proved undesirable.

Continuing Straight from the Shoulder

The reasons they give—delay in supplying aircraft, lack of infantry equipment, no co-ordination between industries—sound like some of our own troubles.

Most blamed of all is Goering, for no other reason than that popularity with the rank and file has made him hated by his colleagues, notably Himmler and Goebbels.

Those two have set traps for him, but he has dodged them, and he retains Hitler's trust.

Blundering Again

But, as we have just said, we have our muddles all right.

In various parts of the country we are telling would-be Territorials that they won't be needed for the present, although there is no limit to the number of volunteers we want.

This while Government supporters are demanding compulsory service on a yet wider scale!

Shortage of military equipment gets worse.

And Sir John Anderson persistently chooses the wrong days for black-outs, unerringly dropping on Bank Holidays for busy seaside resorts!

Getting Rusty

And sort this out:

While Cabinet Ministers stress the necessity of huge food reserves and more merchant ships to carry foodstuffs, ten of our biggest refrigerating ships are laid up.

While they are idle, no more will be built. And one day we might have desperate need for the meat, butter, eggs, fruit, etc., which refrigerating ships bring us from Australia and New Zealand

Calm Seas

Ship movements, by the way, tell us a lot as to what sort of international situation is impending. Recall of German liners was an early hint regarding the September crisis, you may remember.

Well, according to those portents, war isn't very near. Germany's mercantile marine is well scattered over the world, and sailing programmes are normal.

And Lloyd's—another indicator of possibilities—is untroubled. Insurance rates incline down rather than up.

Comfort's Crumb

And perhaps you will take some comfort from the fact that Hitler will attend in State the wind-up of the international six-day motor-cycle trial which, this year, will be held in the Bavarian mountains on August 20, near his Berchtesgaden retreat.

Britain's team was picked last week, and will sail soon.

It may lose, but it will show no sign of the British decadence which the Nazi Press screams about, and which Hitler well knows doesn't exist.

Spare Our Heads

Meanwhile, we are anxious to stop the deluge of tin cans that has been reaching us from our readers—and which doesn't indicate what they think of us, we are glad to say.

They want to know why the letters "CAN" are pressed into the tin, suggesting Canadian produce, while a microscopic word on the label indicates that the contents are foreign.

Solution: The Japanese call one of their big canning factories "Can" nowadays so that they can mislead the British public in this way. So no more cans, please!

British is Best

More annoying to us than that green Estonian egg served to the troops the other day is the fact that our soldiers are being served with Japanese salmon. What have our British Columbian fishermen done wrong?

No less than £2,000,000 worth of Japanese tinned fish has been bought in this country recently.

That is *not* the stuff to give the troops.

Family Divisions

After all, if the countries that make up the British Empire are really one big family they might act a little more in the family spirit. That goes for us, too.

The Federated Malay States Government, wanting ground-rice reserves against a possible world war, agrees to the installation of German machinery.

Wanting "godowns" in which to store the emergency rice-rations, it blithely hands the contracts out to non-British firms.

Health Belt

However, despite the smoke fumes pouring across Britain from the dictators' propaganda factories, plans to make our cities healthier go ahead.

Manchester is launching a Green Belt scheme that experts declare to be "perfectly practicable."

We have always maintained that London should not be alone in its ring of woodlands and parks. But what about our other great cities? When are their councils—and citizens—going to check the spoliation of the countryside?

Hitting Jerry

But Mr. Walter Elliot, your Minister of Health, is doing his bit towards stopping the worst of all spoilers.

Into the new Bill to stop jerry-building he is incorporating safeguards for every house-buyer.

Compensation will be paid if the house is found unsound, and there'll be protection of the householder if the builder has gone out of business.

We still marvel, though, why local authorities should allow unsound houses to be built.

Be Sporting!

On the subject of public health an interesting letter reaches us.

Hundreds of thousands of youngsters will have no change of scene during the five weeks' school holiday, it says. Why not holiday camps? And why not utilise the racecourses, which are closed to racing for months at a time?

Thinking what Sandown Park (closed July 15 to October 18) could mean to London's thousands of poor kids, with the beautiful Thames on one side and lovely open country on the other, the idea seemed good.

Keeping Them Hungry

With poor children in their minds, Americans are angry with General Franco. The director of a Quaker relief association has returned to that country and announced that Franco has seized seven Quaker ships, laden with food for 100,000 hungry children, and given their cargo to the Army.

We'll add to that the fact that 500,000 Spaniards are languishing in concentration camps, and then ask: "What about Franco's no-bitterness promises?"

Idiots in Authority

Now listen to this:

The Royal Engineers will take over the docks should war come. They want in their reserves men who could be employed as dockers.

One such volunteer was accepted.

But now he's been kicked out because his record sheet was marked only "Fair" when he left the Army fifteen years ago!

Maybe there's a reason why that should make him unfit to unload ships in time of war.

But only our tomfool officialdom could discover it.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Scandals OF THE NEW ARMIES

Immense responsibility now rests on Sir E. Wingate-Saul, K.C. He is the Umpire to whom will be referred appeals against decisions in hardship cases from the New Armies

BRITAIN'S new armies are on the march. Barracks and camps in every town and county are filling daily with Regular reservists and Territorials called out for emergency duties.

Next week, the first contingents of 240,000 twenty-year-old militiamen will be in the depots.

The bark of the sergeant-major is over the land—and his voice is drowning the protests of wives, children and widowed mothers who are faced with destitution, debt, even pauperism, because they are to be shabbily treated by the State while their bread-winners are away on its service.

"It is scandalous that the dependants of men giving their youth and service to King and country should be driven to seek succour from the poor law."

These are not our words. They are used in a protest which is being sent this week to the War Office by the Northumberland Public Assistance Committee.

This protest, likely to be followed by many similar ones from public bodies, is inspired not only by the meagre allowances which are to be given to the families of fighting men.

IT IS BEING MADE BECAUSE, OWING TO GROSS MISMANAGEMENT, THERE IS SUCH LONG DELAY IN PAYING THESE PITTANCES THAT WOMEN AND CHILDREN WOULD STARVE IF THEY DID NOT SUBMIT TO THE INDIGNITY OF APPLYING FOR RELIEF FROM PUBLIC FUNDS.

At the root of the general scandal, of course, is the fact that the allowances are fixed in accordance with the miserable unemployment Means Test levels.

Cases abound already of women being left, when their husbands are called up, with not more than 5s. a week to maintain themselves after rent is paid.

There is a widespread idea that the Government's so-called moratorium frees the families of men on service from payment of rent. Nothing of the kind. The liability remains.

ALL they can do is to ask the courts to refuse or suspend a landlord's application for an ejectment order.

In such circumstances the plight of married women and their children is serious enough. But still worse is the position of parents—often widows—and other dependants of reservists and Territorials.

FOR THEM THERE IS NO PROVISION OF ANY KIND. THE GOVERNMENT IS BLIND TO THE FACT THAT THESE MEN WERE THE SOLE OR MAIN SUPPORTS OF THEIR HOMES.

When a JOHN BULL representative went to Whitehall to find out if any compassionate measures are contemplated, the answer was a definite No.

The Departmental chief was asked how it was expected that the dependants of the men would survive.

"Can't they go out to work?" he asked. "If they cannot work, shouldn't their relatives do something to help them? And they can always approach the public assistance authorities."

Unconsciously, he was putting in a nutshell the real truth about Britain's new armies—that they are going to be paid for and subsidised by private and public charity.

Here is a sample from a multitude of distressing cases made known to JOHN BULL. It concerns an infirm widow with two sons in the Regular Army, one serving in India, the other in Palestine.

Now her third son, a Territorial, has been called out.

He was in a first-class job and wholly maintained her.

Like so many other helpless parents, she finds that the State will not allow her a penny for being deprived of the support of any of her three boys.

SO she has the choice of becoming a suppliant for pauper relief or entering the workhouse.

Can Authority expect that youths in this position will make contented, efficient soldiers while their minds are darkened by the knowledge that their aged parents are suffering hunger and privation?

Consider these little tragedies:—

A youth in the Bradford district, who is in the last six months of his apprenticeship, provides the only income for his mother, a widow stricken with heart trouble.

When he goes on service, a nurse will have to be engaged. But there will be no money to pay for one.

The mother will have only a few shillings weekly for food and medical necessities. . . .

In the Middlesbrough area a twenty-year-old conscript is carrying on a business in place of his father, who is a victim of meningitis. He also maintains an invalid sister at home.

While he is away, what will happen to the business which supports the two sick people?

Rather than draw the dole, a young man began business as a hairdresser in the West End of London. He conducts it alone, and from the proceeds keeps himself, his mother, his invalid father, his grandmother, who has no pension, a brother and a sister.

Now he must leave his shop and join the Militia. . . .

Because he could not get work a lad of eighteen started as a poultry farmer near Salisbury.

In two years he has come to own 2,000 head of poultry and has built up a good business in supplying eggs and table chickens to Southampton.

Now, it seems, he must lose all that. . . .

In none of those four representative cases can the young men concerned obtain exemption from service. They are not allowed even to postpone service.

Their small businesses, on which their families depend, will vanish while they are absent. They will come back to nothing, without a shilling of compensation to start afresh.

Disturbing, also, is the official complacency in face of the ever-growing number of prospective militiamen who are being dismissed from their jobs before being called up—so that their employers will not be liable for them when they return.

The least that should be done is to save them from months of idleness and hardship by including them in the first groups required for service.

But even that simple expedient is not being applied to lessen a scandal which would not be tolerated in any other country, democratic or totalitarian.

At Stirling, Douglas Haig Donaldson—note the Christian names—has been sacked from his job as a chauffeur. As is the case with thousands of other militiamen, he has no possible chance of getting a job while waiting the call.

UNTIL he receives it, he must starve. Because the Unemployment Assistance Board, taking advantage of a technical flaw in the insurance regulations, refuses to grant him the smallest amount of unemployment pay.

They tell him, in effect, to take up residence in the workhouse until he is served with his summons for service!

So the melancholy tale goes on. The scandals of the New Armies cry aloud for reform.

As regular readers know, JOHN BULL has already achieved some progress. Directly as a result of our representations, the Cabinet has made a number of concessions.

It must make many more. It must put an end to all injustices of the sort we describe here.

UNTIL IT DOES SO, WE SHALL NOT CEASE OUR ATTACK.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

takes you on a trip

ROUND *the* CLOCK

MORNING

SOLDIERS are aroused at dawn for the same reason as farm labourers—to look after the animals.

Now that the Army has practically no horses and mules, but is mechanised, why shouldn't the troops be allowed to get up at the normal time for engineers or lorry drivers?

I can assure you as a lad of nineteen who may be a militiaman some day that I wouldn't mind Army life at all if they got us up at decent times.—A. Stanley, London, W.1.

* * *

Have you ever travelled on the first early morning trams and trains in any big city?

First thing you will notice is that most of the people who open up those cities for a new business day, making them clean and warm for luckier people who travel on later vehicles, are old-age pensioners.

To travel on London's underground between 5 a.m. and 6.30 a.m. is to see thousands of these poor old people, mainly women, setting out to scrub London business houses, clean and open the doors to the fresh air before the youngsters come along yawning and grumbling.

They ought to be at home in bed. They *would* be at home enjoying a lay-in if they were paid decent old-age pensions, as JOHN BULL so often urges.—T. R. A., Hightown, near Liverpool.

MID-DAY

ONE p.m.—and Early Closing Day. Hundreds of thousands of shop assistants feel exhilarated with new-found liberty at that hour.

What would we like to do best of all? Look in other shops, of course. Do a bit of buying instead of selling. And that we can't do because every shop closes at the same time.

I have to go to another town to look at the shops, and by the time I have paid my fare I've got pretty little spending money left.—L. Evans, Graig View, Llanhilleth, Mon.

* * *

Many churches in Central London are open at midday to workers who cannot afford more than sandwiches for lunch.

In these days, when the Means Test sees to it that even girls and boys in good jobs may have to contribute so much to the home that they can't afford a proper meal, this is a great boon.

Unfortunately, not many churches have adopted it in the depressed areas, where the need is greatest. I have seen workers compelled to eat under bridges, in alleys, on one occasion in a disused mortuary.—H. B. E., Crawley, Sussex.

* * *

If more mothers knew how to devote the morning to the cooking of a good dinner there would be less malnutrition among children.

Moving about the country, I have met several cases of half-starved children. In each case the fault lay mainly in the bad management of the mother.

There are cases due to poverty, I know, but I have found that they come to light only by accident.

The really poor are usually too proud to let their plight be known.—H. E. Towner, Frankland Road, Croxley, Rickmansworth.

AFTERNOON

LONDON housewives can travel at pretty well half-price in the afternoons. It is an incentive to them to finish their housework early. The tube railways, the shops, and the women themselves, all benefit in consequence.

Why can't transport undertakings adopt the same system all over the Kingdom? Some of our provincial cities and towns look like dead worlds in the afternoon.—Mrs. D. M., Morden, Surrey.

* * *

Tea-time is a happy time for poor kiddies in many of the busy Midland industrial towns. Factory boilers begin to empty boiling-water into the canals and rivers, and youngsters in search of a warm if somewhat dye-stained bath know where to find it.

But all too often some little mite is missing. There is no happiness then.

Why should they have to seek these unsupervised swims? As a teacher of children from seven to eleven, I'll tell you. Because wealthy city authorities will not provide them with proper bathing facilities.

A hundred yards from my school there is a lido, provided by the corporation, in which people parade up and down in the newest swim suits, recline under striped unbrellas and eat ice-cream beneath gay awnings.

Yet there is no swimming instruction for the children I teach.—Schoolmaster, Nottingham.

EVENING

SCORES of thousands of children are left alone in the house, to be haunted by all sorts of terrors if they wake, while their parents are at pictures or pubs. round about nine or ten.

I know tired mothers need a break, but unless they can get somebody to look after the youngsters they should deny themselves.

Can't the N.S.P.C.C. get this offence made punishable by law?—Mother of Three, Luddington Road, Stratford-on-Avon.

Any form of neglect amounting to cruelty is punishable by law.

* * *

After reading JOHN BULL for ten years I must disagree with Voice of the People.

Footnote to a letter says that *agent provacateur* methods, tempting people into crime, are not permitted in this country, that courts would not stand for it.

Well, what about the inspectors who go into little shops at a minute past eight and, with hard-luck stories, persuade struggling shopkeepers to sell what they shouldn't and so break the silly laws?—J. E. Elston, Claughton Road, Birkenhead.

Yes, we ought to have remembered them. We have pilloried the system so often. We were thinking of real crime, however. Still, we tripped.

* * *

It was 7 o'clock on a Sunday evening when members of a religious body, myself among them, went into a doss-house to give a service.

The occupants of a big common room were smoking and playing cards in a haze of smoke when we entered. To a man—but in a quiet, patient kind of way—they hurried out, leaving us to sing our hymns alone.

Later, a few of us thought it over. This was their Sunday evening in their own home.

Whatever our mission, we, as strangers, had no right to intrude uninvited.—Douglas T. Stone, Woodland Avenue, Kingswood, Bristol.

BEDTIME

A FEW months ago I was working as a valet at a prominent military club.

One evening, while I was preparing the bath and dress of a very senior officer, I saw him fling some papers marked "Highly Confidential" on his dressing-table.

For two days and nights they lay there untouched by myself, the hall-porters, the chambermaids and others who had a right to enter the room. Then, at eleven one night when he was out enjoying himself, I decided to look at them to see whether I could move them.

Going down on hands and knees I found myself examining a map which gave every air base, ammunition base, coastguard station, road, river, railway, etc., etc., in Great Britain.—S. A. V., Reading.

* * *

As a clerk, I am frequently called on to work till eleven at night without overtime pay.

Governments molly-coddle manual workers but permit clerical workers, who may do more work for less money, to put up with any conditions.

If it were possible to obtain the facts and figures relating to the hours and wages of clerks in this country, they would make astounding reading.—C. A. Warneville Road, Broad Green, Liverpool, 13.

HUSTLE!

You can see it in the town of Annan, Dumfriesshire, the house that was built in a single day.

A substantial building of stone and lime, it was started one minute after midnight and was ready for occupation a minute before the next midnight.—H. Graham, Eastcroft Street, Larbert, Stirlingshire.

SMALL HOURS

REMONSTRATING with me the other day for not calling him up in the early hours of morning to administer an injection in a heart attack, my doctor explained to me the distinction between the thoughtlessness of people who ring at any time for little reason and the foolhardiness of others.

He told of one man, living miles out in the country, who sent him an urgent message in the early hours during the most terrible weather.

When the doctor arrived, the man said: "I'm glad you managed to get here, doctor. I want my certificate signed."

I know something of the difficulties of a doctor's life. I wonder they can find men to do the work.—Mrs. C. Woodford, Dudley Avenue, Kenton, Middlesex.

* * *

Even after midnight people ring me up and ask the rent and other details of West End flats of which I hold the keys.

Not content with spoiling my night, they make appointments to be shown over them the next day—appointments which they rarely keep, because they probably decided at once the rent was too much and daren't say so.

In my opinion, not one person in twenty possesses the virtue of candour.—D. H., Westbourne Grove, Bayswater, London, W.2.

● *We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

A.G.G. SAYS Japan's insults at Tientsin are part of a deep-laid plot to undermine British prestige throughout the world . . .

A British soldier standing guard at the entrance to the British Concession at Tientsin

The Empire Under Fire

WHATEVER the outcome of the Tokyo talks about what Mr. Chamberlain calls "intolerable insults" of Tientsin, we must not flatter ourselves with any illusions that the situation has changed.

Those insults are only an incident in a policy which has for its object the destruction of the prestige of this country in the Far East.

That policy will be continued until one of two things has happened—until Japan's colossal crime in China collapses in failure, or until China is conquered and British interests there have been wiped out.

In a very real sense China, in fighting with such sublime courage for its freedom, is the most important ally we have in the world.

If she fails the British Empire will be shaken to its foundations, and that not merely in the Pacific but everywhere.

JAPAN KNOWS THIS, AND IT IS BECAUSE OF THIS THAT THROUGHOUT HER INVASION OF CHINA SHE HAS WAGED A CEASELESS WAR ON OUR PRESTIGE THAT HAS CULMINATED IN THE OBSCENE INSULTS OF TIENTSIN.

The record of her outrages on the British began two years ago with the attack by war planes on a motor-car flying the Union Jack and carrying the British Ambassador, who was shot in the stomach.

HERE are a few which have followed:—

The attack on two Customs launches in British territorial waters near Hong Kong.

The machine-gunning of three British Embassy cars near Shanghai.

The fatal machine-gunning of a British military post in the British Settlement at Shanghai.

The beating up of British police in Shanghai.

The torturing of British naval men at Formosa.

The kidnapping of Mr. Dyott, the chairman of the British Chamber of Commerce at Tientsin.

The arrest of Colonel Spear and Lieutenant Cooper.

And so on to the outrages of Tientsin, the murder of Mr. Tinkler, and the impudent attempt to close the treaty port of Swatow to our navy.

In all these calculated humiliations, almost any one of which would in normal times have led to warlike demonstrations on our part, one sinister fact stands out.

If the humiliation affected America, Germany or Italy, as well as Britain, abject apologies were instantly forthcoming. Not so with us.

The air is thick with our "protests," but they are invariably treated with contempt, and wherever compensation has been paid it has been paid, not by Japan, but by us.

The meaning is obvious. The purpose has been to isolate us and to gibbet us to the Far Eastern world as a Power that can be insulted at will and has no means of defending its interests.

The assumption is that we are in too perilous a position in Europe to protect ourselves in the Pacific, and that, so long as America can be kept sweet, Japan has got us "in chancery."

It is, of course, a part of the larger programme of the Axis to concentrate on Britain as the enemy, and the outrages at Tientsin, especially the stripping of victims naked, have been hailed by Goebbels and his Press with shrieks of obscene derision.

IT WILL SURPRISE NO ONE, INDEED, IF THE EVENTS IN THE FAR EAST ARE FOUND TO BE THE PROLOGUE TO HITLER'S NEXT STROKE IN THE WEST.

THIS is all a part of the subtle strategy of Berlin. If the world can be convinced that the British Empire is doomed, the battle will be won before the issue is joined.

It is to spread this conviction that the terrific propaganda of Goebbels and Bohle is directed in every land, from South America to Palestine and from Arabia to the Far East.

How far it has succeeded is evident everywhere, and nowhere more than in India.

"White prestige has gone in the East," says the *Sind Observer*, and papers like the *Times of India* are filled with concern at the apparent helplessness of Britain to protect its nationals in China and the effect it is having upon Indian opinion.

Even in friendly Holland the cartoonists no longer joke genially about Mr. Chamberlain's umbrella, but scornfully about his "protests."

What is to be done to stem this loss of prestige and to destroy this comic valentine of the British lion suffering the taunts and sneers of the world preliminary to its carcase being cut up?

No one will pretend that the answer is easy.

WE HAVE BEEN ASLEEP SO LONG AND HAVE BEEN SO OUTWITTED BY THE GANGSTER POWERS IN THE DIPLOMATIC AND PROPAGANDA FIELD THAT WE CARRY A DEVASTATING HANDICAP.

Even now our diplomacy is clumsy and unintelligent.

Why, with the U.S.A. involved with us at Swatow, did Mr. Chamberlain promptly limit the issue to the Tientsin outrages as "a local incident," and so exclude possible American co-operation?

Why speak of "intolerable insults," only to add that he was going to tolerate them?

Cannot we say our word of firmness without explaining that we don't mean it?

There is much that can be done and should be done in the Far East to stop "the intolerable insults" and change the current of events.

It is true that with the present position in Europe neither we nor the French can strengthen our naval power in the Far East sufficiently to meet Japan in arms, and that in the circumstances to enter into open conflict would be to play Hitler's game.

But our naval power in the Pacific is not negligible, and the Anglo-French naval conferences at Singapore have done much to make them defensively more formidable.

Moreover, Japan has at least as much reason as ourselves not to add another major war to her vast entanglement in China.

SHE already has Russia on her flank, and she is acutely aware that a war in the Pacific would seriously risk action by the U.S.A., and would in any case cut off the supplies necessary to carry on her Chinese adventure.

The fear of war is not wholly on one side.

This fact should be borne in mind, too, in another connection.

The obvious reply, short of war, to Japan's interferences with our trade, our rights, and the liberties of our subjects in treaty ports, is economic measures, such as the restriction of Japanese exports to the British Empire, and similar checks upon her trade.

It is suggested that she might treat such action as a *casus belli* and take it out of us in China.

But it is at least a fifty-fifty chance that her fear of American intervention would prevent her widening her terrific liabilities.

But apart from such measures there is one course of action that should be taken with all possible vigour.

China, as I have said, is not fighting the battle of freedom for herself alone, but for all the world.

She is doing more. She is fighting the cause of the British Empire and of the white races.

If Japan conquers China she will expel every white interest, especially our own.

IF she is beaten, not only will China preserve her independence, but the white races will preserve their trade.

In these circumstances our clear duty is not to repeat the tragedy of Spain, not to hold the ring while the gangsters do their victims to death, but to help China to beat back her enemy by all the resources at our command—money, aeroplanes, munitions.

Japan has chosen not to declare war in order to secure all the supplies she must have to sustain her war.

Let us see that China, too, has the advantage of that unscrupulous act. She is fighting our battle, the world's battle.

Let us take care that she does not lose for lack of the resources that we can give her.

The Axis must not have another such cheap victory in China as it has had in Spain.

150,000 to One

Of every 10,000 children taken to Hollywood in search of fame, less than two get as much as a speaking part . . . only one out of 150,000 reaches anything like success.

These are the astonishing figures quoted by an expert writing on "Hollywood's Children" in *The Picturegoer* Summer Annual, now on sale everywhere, price 6d.

Articles on all aspects of film work, personal stories by Spencer Tracy and Leslie Howard, and hundreds of illustrations fill the 100 pages of this annual.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Weekly Warnings

SNAPSHOT CHEATS

THE street snapshot ramp is in full spate again.

Of course, there are some quite reputable firms who supply excellent pictures for the shilling or so which is usually charged, but there are many cheats.

Complaints are reaching me of some despicable dodges.

One reader who had paid her shilling was advised by letter that the picture had not been successful. A card enclosed entitled her to a free picture "on presentation to our cameraman."

No address was given—and she could not find the cameraman at the spot where she had been previously photographed!

Moral: Don't part with money until you know with whom you are dealing.

SNARES FOR "L" DRIVERS

Week after week, some poor learners sit at the wheel and take lessons that confuse instead of help them. All the time fees mount up

PROBABLY the biggest racket in this country for many years has grown up round so-called schools of motoring.

One startling fact which alone makes this new roguery possible is that anyone holding a driving licence can set up one of these schools!

The result is that barefaced fee-snatchers are coining money, and many of them are selling their pupils ramshackle old cars that have been cleverly rigged up.

Generally the preliminary bait used to lure people from the reputable schools is a temptingly low fee.

That is soon revealed as an illusion.

All kinds of devices are resorted to so that the lessons are spun out, until in the end considerably more is paid than if the learner had gone to one of the established schools.

Even then it frequently turns out that the tuition has been so bad that pupils fail at the official driving test.

An indication of how widespread this legalised robbery has become is that in the last four years failures have increased from 10 to 38 per cent.

Favourite trick is to change the instructor just when a pupil imagines he is beginning to make progress.

The new teacher politely but definitely ignores all that has been learned up to the time he takes charge. After a few lessons he disappears and his successor adopts the same attitude.

So the hapless victim is passed on to be freshly plucked.

One reader tells me that, after being given 28 lessons in this way at one school he went to another, only to find that he was passed through the same process!

Now after paying more than £12 in fees he finds he is no nearer to securing his licence than he was when he started.

During the time he was supposed to be taught "to drive in no time," as he was promised, he has been given about a dozen entirely different sets of instructions.

The astonishing thing is that the Government, which wisely decided that there should be an official test for driving, has made no attempt to ensure the special efficiency of teachers.

So that, apart from the disgraceful fee-snatching that has been allowed to run wild, there is grave danger in these bogus schools.

Often rickety old cars are used, and there is no dual control, and learners become a menace on the roads.

It would be a simple matter for the Ministry of Transport to institute a control system for all driving instructors through the two chief motoring organisations, the Automobile Association and the Royal Automobile Club.

The R.A.C., alive to the danger, has established a special form of examination for motor school tutors.

But their purely voluntary efforts, without Government backing, cannot hope to cope with the evil.

The usual fee of honestly-run schools is five guineas. Hire of the car used for lessons is included.

Some of the other concerns I have described make out that it can all be done for considerably less.

Experience of many people who are gulled by such offers shows that they are a wicked deception and it is time that the Minister of Transport put an end to it.

It's a Pleasure!

SO-CALLED "unsolicited" testimonials never impress me much, as good wine should need no bush, but I must admit that one morning's post this week was extremely gratifying.

I quote from four letters:

(1) "I must once again thank you for the trouble you have taken. It has been very illuminating and reassuring to have the benefit of your advice and to be informed of what was going on in other parts of the country. I very much appreciate it."

(2) "Thank you very much for your letter of yesterday. I am making enquiries in the quarter which you suggest.

"With my warmest thanks for your ever-prompt and courteous service."

(3) "Thank you very much indeed for the fresh information. I think it is extremely kind of you to go to all this trouble for me, and as a result of your kindness my mind is at rest.

"I feel I must say that I regard you as a true friend and that I am glad I started taking JOHN BULL two years ago. It is a necessary family journal."

(4) "I had already read your timely exposure of these people's despicable methods.

"There is no doubt that your untiring efforts in exposing these people are responsible for their tractability in making settlements, and again I thank you for your advice and encouragement in resisting such methods, which should undoubtedly be dealt with by a law.

"Your work, however, should do much to curtail their activities and those of other sharks and swindlers who deliberately batten on decent people.

"These swindlers make it so very difficult by their duplicity for really deserving charities and for people to get the assistance they need from those whose faith and good nature have been shaken by such contemptible rogues and tricksters.

"Thanks again and more power to your pen!"

Here are remarks taken from other letters:

"I am extremely grateful for your letter. Your advice has put new heart into me."

"Now may I thank you for your advice once again and you can be sure that, whatever happens, JOHN BULL has taken on a 'new meaning' for me."

"All the best and carry on the good work for the benefit of us poor fools."

The Law Let Him Take £25,000

AGAIN and again I have pointed out that loopholes in the existing laws governing private companies make a merry playground for crooks.

How farcical the whole position has become is shown in the report of the Official Receiver, who has disentangled the affairs of firms concerned in huge car purchase frauds I exposed some months ago.

Though Thomas Henry Webb and George John Dawson, two of the men involved, had been handling deals worth nearly £150,000, the books of their companies were found to be in utter chaos

Dawson admitted he had promoted his company to obtain the protection of limited liability!

In addition to making big hauls by sharp practice—faking up worn-out vehicles to sell at a big profit and so on—large sums were obtained by fraud from a finance company.

Advances were secured on comparatively worthless vehicles under bogus hire-purchase agreements.

Yet so loose is the legislation that these rogues, with two other men, were able to continue their plundering for a long time before they were caught and sent to jail.

Webb, who did it all while he was an undischarged bankrupt, took £25,468 in a short period without a penny being accounted for.

He is one of the most callous scoundrels I know.

For more than twenty years he had trampled roughshod over his victims and, though I had turned JOHN BULL'S searchlight on to him several times, the law made it possible for him to stage this last big fraud with comparative ease.

Now that the wings of sharepushers have been clipped, it is time the Government tackled in earnest the crooks who wriggle round private company laws.

Public Benefactor

This week's £1 1s. goes to Mrs. B. Nicholson, of Weir Pond Road, Rochford, Essex, for information that enabled me to warn readers against a new ruse.

Tell me of any scandal, injustice or trickery you come across.

Mark envelopes: Public Benefactor.

Call the Police!

IF a short, stout, full-faced man with grey hair calls on you for subscriptions for the British Legion, call the police.

He is an impostor and has no authority of any kind to represent the Legion.

"Captain McKenzie" is the name he gives and he has been active recently in London suburbs.

At Stroud Green he pretended that he was collecting for the Hornsey branch to run a summer camp for ex-Servicemen and their families.

Branch officials have taken steps to warn householders that no door-to-door collections are made except on Poppy Day, and then collectors have properly authorised permits.

Strange thing is that this man has been imposing on people for about three years!

It is astonishing, after the widespread warnings that have been given, to find that it is still easy for these smooth-tongued rogues to carry on.

Hold this Hospital Deaths Inquiry in Public!

GRAVE allegations about the alarming number of children dying from enteritis at St. Charles's Hospital, Kensington, London, must be investigated in public.

The present intention to hold a Ministry of Health inquiry in private will not do.

Charges made at a London County Council meeting were that children who had died had become infected with the disease after they entered the hospital.

One Councillor described the hospital as "a death-trap."

This, as Dr. Somerville Hastings, chairman of the Hospital and Medical Services Committee, said, involves grave charges against the Council's hospital administration.

It is therefore only right that the public should be present at the enquiry.

* * *

Kensington Borough Council, in fact, is demanding that the investigation shall be exactly similar to that which followed the typhoid epidemic at Croydon.

It is up to the Minister of Health to ensure that this is done.

Dr. Somerville Hastings

Free Beer— Perhaps

"HOW to get your beer for nothing" is the bang-up-to-the-minute slogan of the most bare-faced snowball ramp I have ever seen.

"Wouldn't you be amused if you saw the postman staggering up to your door with 20,736 letters?" asks the promoter, Avery Gordon, of Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"All addressed to you," he adds, "and all containing a sixpenny postal-order. Think of the B-E-E-R you could get with 20,736 sixpences or £518 8s."

Then he goes on with delightful ingenuousness to explain how it could happen.

Four names are given at the top of the circular, and you are asked to place your name in a blank space beneath.

Within five days a sixpenny postal-order must be sent to the person named first on the list and also 1s. 9d. to Mr. Gordon, together with the names of twelve of your friends.

The 1s. 9d., it is explained, is to cover the cost of writing to these friends to join the chain.

Afterwards it seems, the postman begins collecting those thousands of letters with which he is to stagger up to your door.

Isn't it wonderful?

But here's the best bit. Since the money sent to the man running the scheme is to be spent on postage, he, apparently, just has the privilege of providing you with free beer!

Oh! how kind you are, Mr. Gordon.

THE TALKING THIEF

"RICHARD WALTERS" is one of the many assumed names used by a thief who just talks his way to his loot.

Smart, well-built and very knowledgeable, he puts up at hotels throughout the country in the guise of the representative of some big constructional firm.

His usual story is that his company is about to start a large development scheme in the neighbourhood.

Making himself exceedingly pleasant to everyone, he lets it be known that he will be staying for many months. To ingratiate himself with hotel managers he arranges accommodation for key workmen expected to arrive shortly.

In this way he contrives to change worthless cheques and steals jewellery and other valuables from the rooms of guests.

He has just made a substantial haul at Wolverhampton, and he is wanted by the police in various other towns.

Some of the other aliases he uses are "A. Reade, Samuel Hales, Arthur Miles, Edward Mills and Frederick Hales."

It is not long since he was in jail for similar thefts.

£1,000,000 SCHEMER— WHAT NEXT?

HE could sell fur coats in the tropics. That's what people who know him—most of them to their cost—say about James Walkington Smyth.

In my records I have him noted as one of the most persistent wanglers I have ever known.

And he is back in London, thinking Big again.

He finds it more convenient to be known simply as Mr. Smyth. You'll understand, when I tell you something about him, why he much prefers these days to ignore the "Walkington" in his name.

It is too reminiscent of the time when he deceived men in high positions and a Government Ministry with a huge Imperial trading scheme which, in his vivid imagination, was to control £32,000,000!

To-day his activities are camouflaged behind a concern called the British Veterinary Association, Ltd., which has recently moved into commodious premises in Bath Lane, City Road, London, E.C.

Smyth represents himself as the veterinary expert, but that's just a little more of his fiction. He's the Boss.

The business, which sells animal remedies and fertilisers to farmers, has had various names. Always Smyth has been in the background holding the reins.

Once, when he was also dabbling in estate agency, he unfurled the imposing title of the British Farmers and Landowners' Association, Ltd., with an address in Market Street, Reading.

His present concern also had headquarters in Reading before he returned to London, scene of his earlier spectacular ventures.

Men, to their regret, have been persuaded by Smyth to deposit money to obtain jobs as salesmen or on promise of being made directors.

The cool impudence of it all is that barely twelve months ago this superlative bluffer was made bankrupt with liabilities of £7,000.

No doubt that seems a small matter to him. He has always talked in millions.

His big Imperial trading plan some years ago fooled everyone for a time.

It was to weld the farmers of Britain and the Dominions into the greatest co-operative unit of its kind ever known.

By brilliant trickery Smyth, then calling himself James Walkington, completely deluded a Peer, men of influence, the Ministry of Agriculture, a High Commissioner, the Press all over the world, agricultural bodies, business men, solicitors and auditors.

Empire Farmers Co-op., Ltd., was the name he chose for his mammoth enterprise.

It was launched with a great flourish of publicity and our optimistic wangler guaranteed that £1,000,000 working capital would be available immediately.

Before even a penny was subscribed in shares he went all over the country negotiating for the amalgamation of abattoirs, factories, and so on.

He said that all he wanted when the scheme was on its feet was £15,000 as the vendor of the plans.

I was particularly gratified that I was able to unmask him before he pulled off his little deal

Only just in the nick of time, though. On the eve of discovering his true identity, after most difficult work by my department, an agreement was due to be completed by which a great live-stock business in the Midlands with a weekly turnover of £60,000 was to be incorporated.

My revelation that his real name was James Walkington Smyth, who had a number of convictions abroad for fraud and misrepresentation, pricked the bubble.

His last sentence had been five years for arson in New Zealand. When he completed it he turned up in Australia using the name of Mond.

Posing as a member of Lord Melchett's family, he professed that he was there on behalf of British interests to form a £100,000,000 chemical combine!

With a man like him in the background his present concern ought not to be in existence.

He is quite capable of making it the jumping-off ground for some fresh wild-cat venture which he could, with his nimble brain, manipulate through nominees.

But, as I have previously warned him, he will do well to remember that I am watching him very closely.

Diplomas While You Wait

WOULD you like to be an "A.M.I.R.E."?

Robert Willie Gorman can fix it all up for a mere £3 3s.

Of course, you have to be engaged in the radio industry, because these impressive letters mean Associate Member of the Incorporated Institution of Radio Engineers.

But's that all. So long as you have been in the business for five years there is no need for any examination.

What good the "diploma" will do you when you get it I'm sure I don't know, but included in the lucky bag flourished in large red type by Mr. Gorman are a badge and a goldine cigarette case.

There is also the good old vague "guarantee" of money back if you are not satisfied.

What a cheapjack way to run what is supposed to be a serious institution of radio engineers!

The fact is that Robert Willie Gorman is all of the institution.

Various other people shown as directors or managers in the original registration have all resigned, leaving Willie in sole possession.

So he is sending out his flamboyant literature from his headquarters at 393, Bury New Road, Manchester.

From an office near by he is also running his Institution of Motor Engineers on much the same lines.

On payment of a subscription a diploma of "Incorporated Engineer" is granted.

Apparently there is no goldine cigarette case in this instance.

* * *

Whatever grand names may be used, it is all sheer fee-snatching.

Gorman has had a long run and it is time he was banned by everyone in the motoring and radio world.

Watch 'em

FOLLOWING my caution about a gift offer by the Ideal Brush Company, of Colwyn Bay, North Wales, I see that circulars similarly worded are now going out under the name of the "Sterox" Brush Company, of St. Stephen's Road, Nottingham

Gifts are promised to those who receive circulars with certain numbers which can be found by "holding the back of the leaflet to the fire." Brushes have also to be bought.

I repeat that I have never looked with favour on these schemes.

* * *

AGAIN I specially advise everyone to turn away the collectors, looking like students, of the National Distress Relief Association.

They are exceedingly active at the moment and concentrate on factories and business houses.

It is one of the worst of the bogus charities

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

NOW Kellogg's cost less!

5½D ONLY 5D

HERE'S GOOD NEWS for housewives who watch the pennies.

The success of Kellogg's 30-second breakfast has been so sensational — so many families are eating it regularly — that we have been able to cut the price down to 5d.

Such success must *surely* be deserved! Kellogg's are *so* delicious — so crisp and fresh — that people *just can't resist them!*

Today Kellogg's are the most popular breakfast cereal in the whole of Britain.

Get Kellogg's for *your* family. They'll love them! You'll find, too, that Kellogg's save you endless time and trouble. No cooking. No messy saucepan to wash-up afterwards. You serve them straight from the packet on to the plate and it takes only 30 seconds! Ask your grocer today for Kellogg's — now only 5d. a packet.

10 Big Breakfasts in the Big Family Packet

YOU CAN'T ENJOY LIFE if you're Rundown-Weak Nervous-Depressed

At last, you too can have the Minerals and Vitamins which bring you new Health, Vigour, Strength, Calm Nerves, Rich Red Blood.

Up till now only the rich could afford the money and time to take these glandular refuelling treatments of costly Mineral and Vitamin extracts. But at last the discovery of a Pacific Ocean plant makes them just as available to you as they were to the rich; because this plant which grows in abundance in the Pacific Ocean is the richest known source of 9 out of the 12 life-giving Minerals as well as Vitamins demanded by the human glands.

There is no costly extraction process; the whole plant is simply concentrated into a tablet and known all over the world as "Vikelp." It contains in easily assimilable form Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus, Copper, Sodium, Potassium, Magnesium, Manganese, Sulphur, Food Iodine, and the important Vitamins, especially Vitamin B.

Refuel your glands by replacing these Minerals and Vitamins as soon as you begin to feel low, nervy, listless. At once your glandular secretions start to flow normally, you become vigorous, vital, alive. You feel new life surging through your whole being . . . every part of your body feels strong. Your nerves calm — your eyes sparkle. Rheumatism, anæmia, stomach troubles are immediately relieved. You team with new-found life. You make yourself and others happy.

IF IN DOUBT this is your guarantee — take "Vikelp" Brand Mineral-Vitamin Tablets for 10 days. If you feel that it has not done all that we told you, merely send back the carton, your money will be refunded. Start "Vikelp" today.

Prices: 1/9d. Test Size — 3/6d. ten-day Guarantee Size—6/9d. Economy Size—17/6d. Hospital Size.

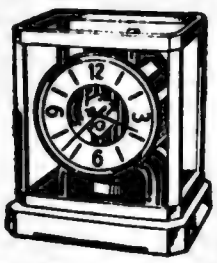
NOTICE TO VIKELP USERS

"Vikelp Tablets are now sold in a SMALL CONCENTRATED TASTELESS FORM for SWALLOWING as well as large Eating Tablets

YOUR CHEMIST HAS BOTH

VIKELP

CLOCK THAT GOES FOR EVER!



Just invented by a famous Swiss firm is an amazing clock driven by—the weather! So slow is the running of this extraordinary timepiece that friction is eliminated—and no oil required. Have these engineers at last discovered the secret of perpetual motion? "Armchair Science" tells you all about this wonderful invention in the July issue, now on sale. "Armchair Science" brings you latest discoveries of scientists, explorers, engineers from all over the world, explained in simple, non-technical language. The 100-page July issue contains 32 articles and features, many photographs, diagrams and drawings. Don't miss: World's End in 1986? Short Wave Treasure Hunting; People who Live Backwards, etc.

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE • 6D.

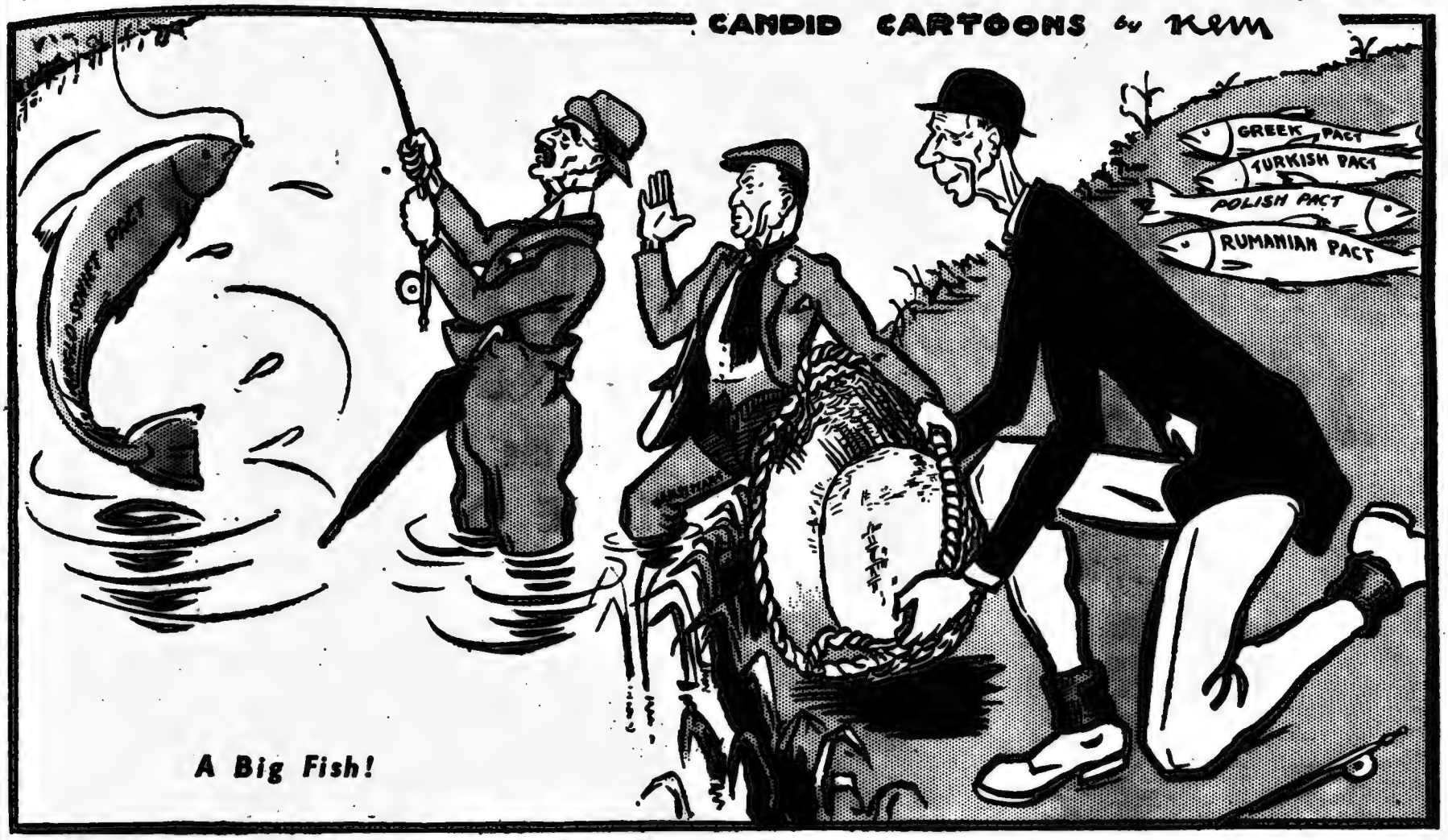
Send for this

FREE CATALOGUE

of the Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair

—it adjusts itself!

THE Berkeley Superlax brings both beauty and comfort to the home every day of the year. The new 1939 Berkeley Superlax model illustrated on p. 31 can be obtained for 5/- with order and small monthly payments of only 10/-. A free illustrated catalogue of this chair and other Berkeley models together with patterns, etc., will be sent FREE and post free on receipt of the Coupon, or write mentioning "John Bull" to H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 70-78, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1. Turn to p. 31 NOW!



OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT HALIFAX

MY LORD,—The warning which you addressed to the dictator Powers last week expressed the feelings of a great people united as never before.

You were right to stress our determination to tolerate no further aggression, to reply in cold and firm language to the campaign of calumny and lies which we have endured so patiently.

You were wise to demonstrate Britain's policy of not merely resisting force, but of seeking a just and enduring peace.

The offer you have made—to examine the problems of colonies, trade barriers, raw materials and the limitation of armaments—should have been made long ago.

And you would have been even wiser to have made your offer more concrete—to have announced our willingness to put our colonies under a mandatory system for the benefit of the whole world, and our readiness for an international control and distribution of raw materials.

Eventually that must be done. I urge you to formulate the plan now—without waiting for fresh danger signals from the dictator States.

But let them make no mistake. Britain will stand by your words, for they are the words of us all.—JOHN BULL.

THE MAYOR,
Nottingham

YOUR WORSHIP,—When the King reviewed A.R.P. workers in London last Sunday he could have known nothing of the controversy in your city whether Mrs. Marie Barlow should have been a delegate.

The first woman warden, she has given her fellow-citizens two and a half years' unflagging service.

And yet—perhaps because Mrs. Barlow is a charwoman—your officials preferred as a delegate a woman who was only the 700th to volunteer.

I can imagine what the King would have thought.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

DEAR SIR,—Please ask your private secretary for the petition left at Number 10 the other night—and read it carefully.

Presented by old folk whose pensions have stood still while living prices have soared, it is yet another reminder of your Government's parsimony.

Imagine yourself without a private fortune or job; imagine yourself and your wife having to pay rent, buy food, clothes and fuel on a beggarly 10s. a week.

Then obey the dictates of humanity and rescue an army from the misery of semi-starvation.—JOHN BULL.

THE TOWN COUNCIL,
Yarmouth

GENTLEMEN,—Of all the crabbed, niggling and unintelligible decisions lately brought to my notice, yours causes me the most anger.

The staff of the scenic railway work twelve hours each week-day. But they offered to give their services free one Sunday afternoon and run the railway in aid of the *Thetis* disaster fund.

You have refused permission. But your townspeople, I trust, will allow your conscience no rest.—JOHN BULL.

THE LAW LORDS

MY LORDS,—Common-sense has been vindicated by your assurance that club members may ring up a bookmaker on the club's public telephone without breaking a chuckle-headed law.

Had you not reversed a previous verdict, I suppose that eventually it would have been held illegal for a man to make bets by 'phone in his own house.

As long as you continue to protect the citizen's liberty, so long will the House of Lords have its uses.—JOHN BULL.

Sir GEORGE CHRYSTAL,
Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—A Pitsea ratepayer, unable to work, has an invalid daughter of twenty-one. She can obtain a month's holiday in camp if a doctor certifies that she is not suffering from contagious disease.

The family cannot afford a doctor. So the young woman went to a local clinic—and was turned away because it is for children only.

Why do I inform you of this case of narrow officialdom? Because your Ministry laments that people do not make full use of their local health services, and because it's time you gave them real services to use.—JOHN BULL.

Sir R. DORMAN-SMITH, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—No wonder the agricultural workers are calling you Dormant-Smith. For though you are shovelling out millions of pounds in subsidies to farmers and landlords, you are doing nothing to meet the workers' claim for £2 a week wages.

Unless you act quickly, you may be too late. The villagers will all have gone to the towns on armament work, and all your subsidies will fail to get the fields ploughed and the cows milked.—JOHN BULL.

Capt. LEONARD BAYNES,
Hampstead

DEAR SIR,—I sympathise. It is preposterous that you, a partly paralysed man devoting your life to driving poor people to hospital, should have been fined for leaving your car-ambulance outside a London hospital.

You should be given the rights of an ambulance driver; your conviction should be expunged.

But I hope you will not carry out your threat to cease part of your generous work of aiding the suffering. The public needs you—and honours you.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES GRIFFITHS, M.P.,
Llanelly

DEAR MR. GRIFFITHS,—I don't suppose you will get much satisfaction when you ask a Parliamentary question concerning the payment of £800 an acre for land needed for a new Aberystwyth school.

You have your doubts whether the price is reasonable.

What is certain is that the Government is allowing itself to be bamboozled for new aerodrome sites. Land on which not a farthing rate has been paid is being bought for fabulous sums.

But the Means Test is still applied to the poorest of the poor.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. HACKFORTH,
Controller of Health Insurance

DEAR SIR,—Six M.P.s want to give you a lot more work. I hope they succeed.

Their demand is that wives and children of "panel" members should also be entitled to free medical advice and treatment.

It wouldn't cost a great deal. Anyhow, the National Health Insurance scheme is showing an annual surplus of millions of pounds.

To allow ill-health among mothers and children is an odd way to conserve national fitness—even if it conserves the dropsical insurance funds.—JOHN BULL.

Apples for Health, so Bulmer's for supper

Real country Cider—Bulmer's Cider—is the drink to serve with summer suppers. Cool, sparkling, delicious, there are 5 full glasses to every flagon. Ask for Bulmer's 'Dry' or 'Woodpecker' (medium-sweet).

2½ lbs. of apples to every flagon.. 10½D

A FLAGON
(in England and Wales only; 1/- in Scotland.)

H. P. BULMER & Co., Ltd., HEREFORD. The Largest Cider Makers in the World.

IT'S THE

OLIVE OIL

THAT DOES IT!

Palmolive makes a clean, smooth job of every shave — and it's *kind* to tender skins! You'll find that rich olive oil lather is the most efficient partner your razor's ever had—as more and more men are finding every day!

6d & 1/-

The most popular shaving cream because

OF THESE 5 POINTS!

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Has strong bubbles which hold the hairs erect for shaving.
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CROSSWORD No. 161.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 36 is presented the 161st of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted may be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, July 27, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly BLOT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with entry the Reservation Coupon on page 36. The Second Prize will be awarded to the Competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

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Joe Kennedy likes BIG JOBS

"Mr. Kennedy is as human as his nine kids. He's 'Joe' to everybody, including the King"
(Drawing by George Whitelaw)

WHO would have thought, ten years ago, that an Irish-American Catholic would be sent from Washington to the Court of St. James's and become, in a few months, the most popular of American Ambassadors since Joseph Choate?

Why, Joseph Kennedy is even more popular than Choate, who was not known to the great mass of the British people, whereas Kennedy is "Joe" to everybody, including the King!

The appointment of an Irish-American to London was really a bigger bomb than any dropped by the I.R.A. It blew up Tradition. It opened the way for a new Transatlantic relationship. . . .

Born poor in Boston, where Irish-Americans were brought up to hate England, Kennedy is now in London, the best liked, and the best known, of all the ambassadors in the world.

HE is as human as his nine kids. He is frank. He is open. You can interview him. He sees callers.

Already he has been honoured by no fewer than six of our universities. And in six months he was so perpetual a guest that he dined only three times privately with his wife!

"Give my regards to as many of your children as you can remember by name when you see them," I said to him the other day.

He is used to jokes about his large family.

He makes them himself in his speeches.

One of the chief jokes in a current Broadway play is a complaint by the leading woman that, as she has only four children, Moscow is the best appointment her Ambassador husband can get.

"If I had nine," she says, "we could have got to London like that Joe Kennedy."

Show people like Joe, and he likes them. Certainly he is the first ambassador I have ever known who leaves lying about, among his State papers, a copy of "Variety" the Bible of the American show business.

For four years, you see, he was in the film trade, put there to represent banking interests whose money was being wasted. In Hollywood and New York he mixed with the show people, actors and directors, dramatists and comedians. And they are still his friends.

Whereas many ambassadors have been trained in the art of diplomacy, Joseph Kennedy learned it during his struggle from poverty to wealth, during his long battles with film stars, and then in the hectic days after the Great Slump, when Roosevelt sent him down to Wall Street as head of the Securities Commission, with the job of regulating stock issues and eliminating fraud.

There he needed a grim firmness covered by tact and caution.

Then, after another big job—that of saving American shipping—Joseph Kennedy came to London.

Doubts were in his mind. Was he fitted for the very grave job of straightening out Anglo-American relations? They had been imperilled by Sir John Simon's betrayal of Geneva principles.

How would he get on in "Society," in the company of duchesses? Could he accustom himself to Palace ways?

Well, Joe came here, just himself, not pretending, but merely a kindly, smiling man without trimmings, a mixture of frankness and courtesy.

HANNEN SWAFFER'S WHO'S WHO

This Week

The United States Ambassador

And before many weeks had passed he had become, if only because of the nine children, an idol. Soon he found himself in the middle of the crisis. People like myself were hopeful, at times, when we knew that Joe Kennedy was going regularly to the Foreign Office and to Number 10—almost "sitting in," indeed, at Cabinet meetings.

Washington and Whitehall had never been in such close touch since the Great War. "Democracy is making a stand at last," we said.

Kennedy seemed satisfied. Then came Munich.

"Joe has been sold down the river," said his friends.

There was general disgust in the United States over the betrayal of Czecho-Slovakia. Anglo-American relations suffered a severe blow.

What could be done to better them? They were all-important for the future of the world.

So Joe Kennedy arranged, in spite of discouragement, that the King and Queen should visit his fellow-countrymen.

He himself does not claim all the credit—"perhaps 65 per cent.," he says, jokingly.

JOE took counsel both in America and here. He plumbed the opinion of statesmen, leading journalists, ordinary citizens.

"It is a great risk," said some. "If anything 'happened' it would be calamitous." Joe, certain in his own mind, when all the talk was over, decided to pilot the scheme through.

Everyone knows the results—a personal triumph for the King and Queen.

Still, the Royal visit should be regarded as only the beginning. It must be followed by closer and closer co-operation.

Joe Kennedy can be counted on to do his utmost to bring that about.

Mind you, the American Embassy is a big business nowadays.

He runs a staff of 200 people at the Embassy, which is a minor government all on its own. It deals with agriculture and commerce. There is an Army department and a Navy department and a Treasury department.

Into the Embassy pour, all day, countless callers—Americans in trouble, Britishers seeking advice. Joe finds time for many of them.

I first met him last year at the Eisteddfod at Cardiff. Seated on the platform with the Lord Mayor, a fellow Catholic, he watched the great children's concert at which hundreds of kiddies performed. He was a family man enjoying the happiness of other families.

THEN the Lord Mayor told him I was at the Press table underneath the platform. Joe came right across and leaned over.

"We meet at last," he said.

I met a man in whose life Americans and British are the same. I met a man whose abundant human sympathies are destined to play a great part in the future of our two countries, a man who started his diplomatic career on this side by holing out in one, a man who radiates everywhere good fellowship and good will.

Unknown to the great world, his wife is, in the world of diplomacy, a great help to him. She is the best linguist ever known among the wives of American ambassadors.

Then his children are always travelling, nearly all nine of them. One son was the only man in the American Embassy in Madrid when Franco entered the city. Indeed, his father has on his desk a large piece of shrapnel which just missed him.

As for the girls, they all go travelling. So Joe does not have as much trouble at home as you would think. . . .

Hidden Treasures

PEOPLE often ask what is the good of mental training. They want to know what use it is to bother about the mind and its possibilities.

The sheer business of earning a living and snatching enough time for a little recreation seems to them about all that matters. The rest—well, let those who believe in that sort of thing get on with it!

Human Machine

It's a point of view; and it may suit some people; for there are people who would never believe in anything, not even in themselves; and, if you are like that, don't bother to read any further.

Meanwhile, let's get someone else to answer the question for those who do really want to know.

An old author who wrote a book called "Thoughts on Business" said:

"It's a great day in a man's life when he truly begins to find himself. The latent capacities of every man are greater than he realises, and he may find them if he diligently seeks for them.

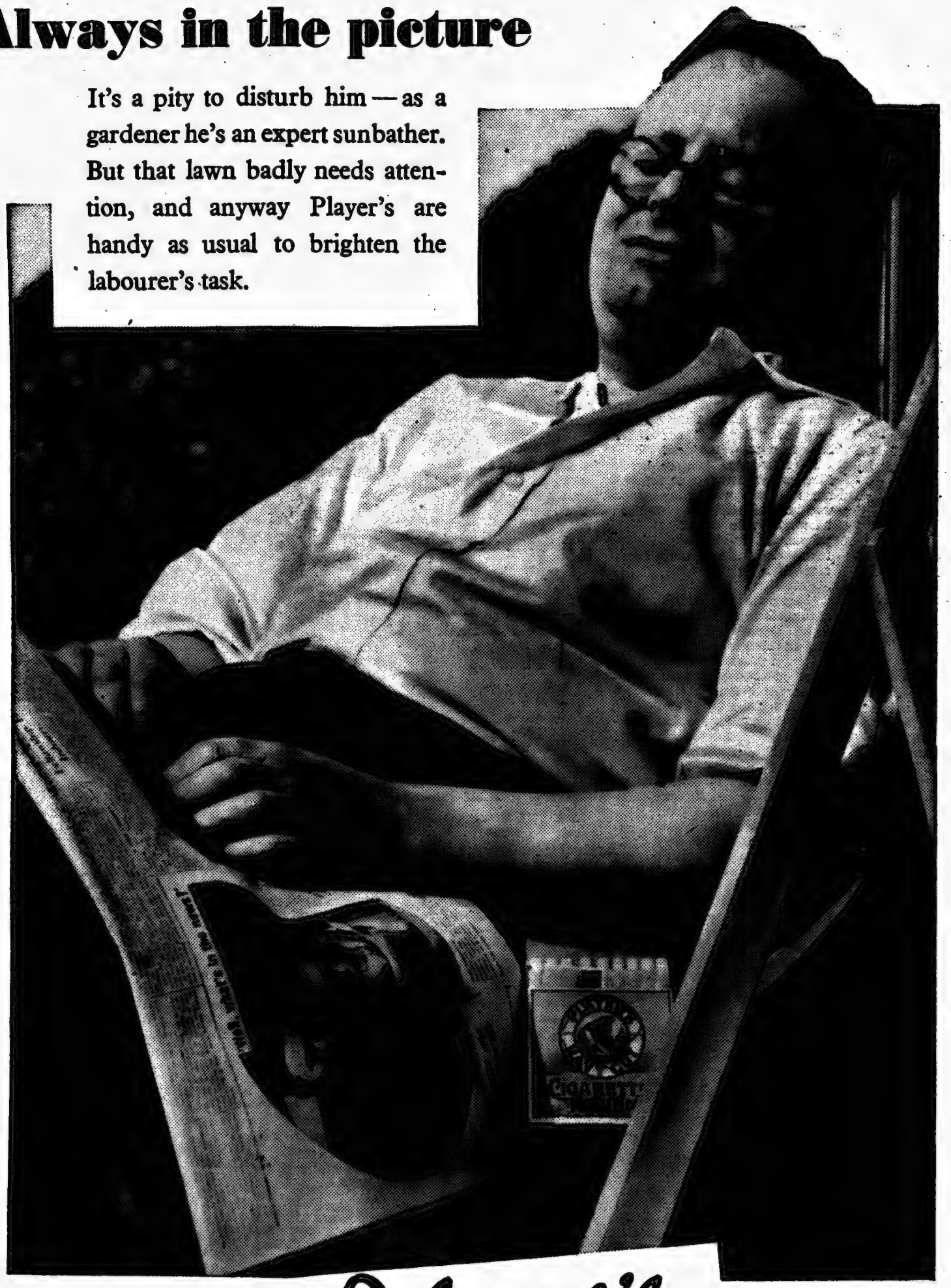
"A man may own a tract of land for many years without knowing its value. He may think of it merely as a pasture. But one day he discovers evidence of coal, and finds a rich vein beneath his land."

There are hidden treasures in you, too. If you learn to direct your energies, you'll discover you have an enormous capacity for work.

That's the value of knowing oneself and training oneself—the endless discovery of powers and abilities that we should never have suspected if we hadn't looked for them.

Always in the picture

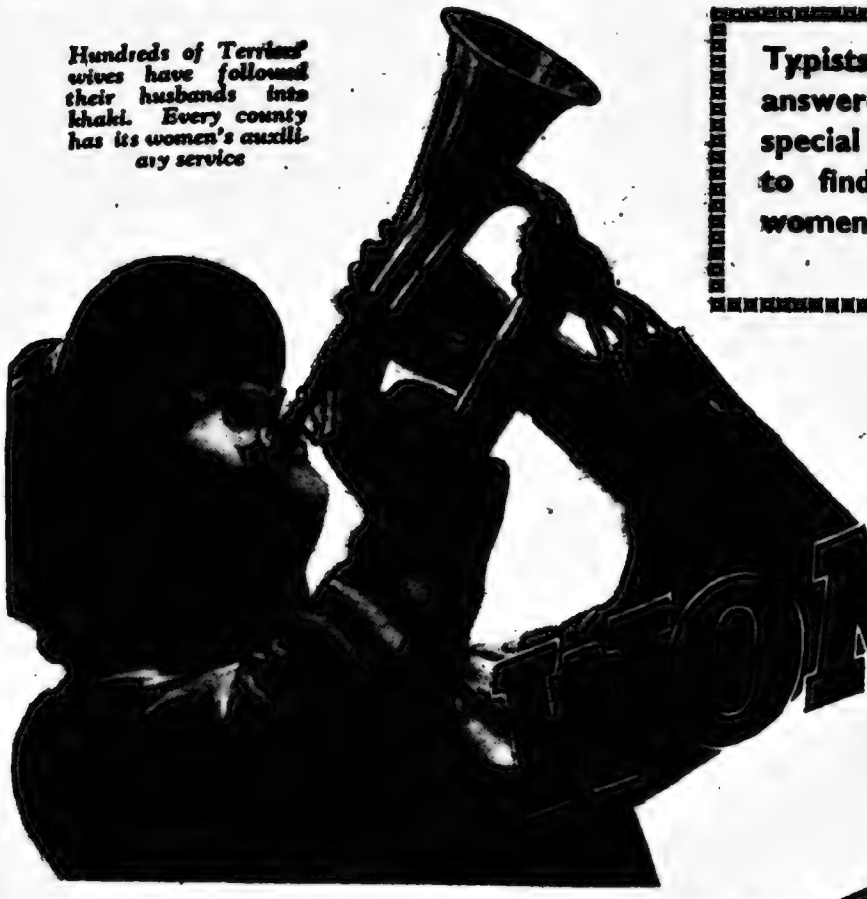
It's a pity to disturb him — as a gardener he's an expert sunbather. But that lawn badly needs attention, and anyway Player's are handy as usual to brighten the labourer's task.



Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES MEDIUM MILD PLAIN OR CORK TIPS 10 for 6½ 20 for 1/0½

NCC 500F



Hundreds of Territorials' wives have followed their husbands into khaki. Every county has its women's auxiliary service

Typists, housewives, even a grandmother or two, have answered the nation's National Defence call. "John Bull's" special investigator has been to talk with some of them, to find out how they are training. There are 20,000 women volunteers and his report shows they form a powerful peace hint to Europe

WOMEN in UNIFORM

AT five in the evening you'd think Miss Margaret Smith, young City typist, would cover her typewriter, powder her nose and dash to her Harrow home to change for a dance.

But she doesn't—nowadays.

She hurries off to a London Territorial drill hall, and very soon is sitting at another office desk.

She wrestles with the technique of Army forms, "Part Two" orders and ammunition returns. She is doing her bit in the Auxiliary Territorial Service.

Margaret is shy—that is why I've called her Smith instead of giving her real surname—but the officer commanding her unit says she is "the best clerk we ever had."

There are many thousands of others like her in the country—young and middle-aged women—who are now taking an important share in the Territorial Army organisations. And all their commanding officers think, "They're the best workers we ever had."

All of them are carrying on their ordinary domestic or business lives in addition to spare-time "soldiering."

In London county alone more than forty companies of women in Territorial uniform have been formed and recruited up to strength.

Every county Territorial Association has its women's auxiliary service. There are separate motor companies, clerical companies and general duties companies attached to brigades and battalions.

They're Rivals

Hundreds of wives of men in Territorial units have followed their husbands into khaki, and there is keen family competition over promotion.

In many cases mistresses and their maids have joined together in the ranks of the A.T.S.

One instance from a Midland town: The vicar is a Territorial padre; the vicar's wife is a section leader (otherwise sergeant) in a clerical company; their son is an anti-aircraft gunner, while the vicar's cook and housemaid are respectively cook and orderly in a general duties company.

So far, that is a Territorial household record, but at any moment some other county may beat it.

Glasgow and Kent boast a different distinction. They each have a grandmother in their women's Territorials, and both women are as efficient and sprightly as the youngest girl in the company.

At the other end of the age scale is a schoolgirl aged fourteen, living at Greenford, Middlesex, who was so persistent in her attempts to be recruited that in the end she was accepted and is being taught to blow a bugle.

LITTLE MISS "GREENFORD" IS THE ONLY BUGLE "CHILD" OF THE WOMEN'S TERRITORIALS.

But I am told that her special enlistment must not be taken as a precedent for an inflow of juveniles.

Experienced

Experience of some sort is imperative before a woman can enter an auxiliary service company. To get in as a motor-driver a candidate must be a thoroughly efficient driver.

It is the same with the other grades, clerks, cooks and the like. A candidate must know the essentials of what she will have to do when in uniform.

These qualifications are not serious obstacles. Recently a company of the Kent A.T.S. did a week's training at Brompton Barracks, Chatham.

They assisted in cooking for 1,000 regular soldiers, and I have the word of a Royal Engineer corporal that the meals were "every bit as good as mother makes." A thousand men of the British Army had the meals of a lifetime.

Women in uniform receive their first military instruction with their appropriate Territorial unit. They do squad drill and "P.T." until they are just as smart and fit as any of the men.

They have regular lectures on the domestic economy of the Army. They do orderly-room work and learn the military style of correspondence—"passed to you, please"—and company accountancy.

Cooks and orderlies among them are taught the system of rations and messing allowances, together with the standardised production of Army menus.

It is hard work, but it holds plenty of varied interest for any intelligent girl.

In the motor companies the auxiliaries are given a complete technical course. They become, as it were, motorists from the inside of the machine. They can tune and tinker and do running repairs. They can tell you in a second the difference between a camshaft and a crankshaft; a crown wheel and a bevel.

Really I rather dread to think what may happen to my car when a daughter has finished her technical instruction. But I believe I shall never need the local garage hand again.

As for the officers, they go for a short intensive term to the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea. Here they are drilled and lectured on welfare, company administration and essential discipline until passed as efficient.

The standard is high, and particular attention is paid to a probationer's "quality of control."

Which brings us to the matter of officer selection. There was a general idea that "class distinction" operated in the choice of officers for the A.T.S. I can tell you, from what I saw at the "Women's Sandhurst," that such an idea is wrong.

OF COURSE, A YOUNG WOMAN MUST HAVE EDUCATION AND "BACKGROUND" BEFORE SHE IS RECOMMENDED AS AN OFFICER, BUT PRIVATE MEANS OR SOCIAL POSITION DO NOT COUNT.

A smart shop assistant has as good a chance as a knight's daughter.

The A.T.S. in London, Middlesex and the majority of counties is just as democratic as the regular Territorial Army.

But here is a grouse, although the officers do not raise it. An allowance of £16 is made to a woman officer, out of which she has to provide uniform and kit.

Now that does not seem enough, and I am sure that most men with any Territorial experience would agree. I am assured, however, that *all the necessaries* can be purchased with the £16, except a greatcoat, *which is not essential.*

Why it is thought a woman officer should not feel the cold if we have a war in the winter I don't know. A Territorial officer receives a grant of £40 on gazetting, and he can buy a greatcoat.

Camping season for the women in uniform has already started. Some from the Midlands and Scotland have carried through their field training most successfully, and from now until the end of August an increasing number will be going under canvas.

Largest women's camp of all will be at Pirbright, Surrey, for the County and City of London companies.

Unfortunately, it is impossible to take the full London strength to camp this year.

Six In a Tent

Only half can be accommodated, and I am sure there must be sore disappointment among those who will be left behind.

In the Pirbright camp the women will sleep six in a tent on straw mattresses. They will have bolsters and three blankets apiece to cover them. They will mess in common, and will have their own wet canteen, provided by the N.A.A.F.I.

PAY WILL BE DRAWN FOR CAMP AT THE RATE OF £1 A WEEK FOR OFFICERS AND 10s. FOR OTHER RANKS, AND EVERYTHING FOUND.

And now a last word of advice: If you meet a "senior leader A.T.S.," treat her with deference.

She is the equivalent of the company sergeant-major, and you know what "majors" are.

"The Greatest of These . . ."

"I HAVE known her for many years—she has always been brave in face of many troubles."

That is what the family doctor says of Mrs. J. Clements. Behind the simple tribute is a long tale of suffering.

Mr. Clements, who served four years in the war, is in hospital. He has been unable to work since Christmas.

* * *

There are six children between the ages of five and eighteen, and none of them is strong. Pamela, the youngest, has just been seriously ill with pleurisy and pneumonia. Now she badly needs suitable food to enable her to regain strength.

But Mrs. Clements cannot afford to buy it out of her husband's National Health Insurance and 15s. wages from her son of 18—the only income.

As a thank-offering for your own health, will you do something to assist this family, or send a donation to the General Fund?

Subscriptions should be earmarked "Pamela" and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"Pamela"

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

As is generally known, all expenses connected with the Fund are borne by JOHN BULL.

We gratefully acknowledge cheque for 10s. from Mrs. W. Worroll (Reading); and 5s. S. G. (Southport).

An ex-Army Officer had a new idea about seaside camps. As a result old-fashioned landladies are going bankrupt, but half a million holiday-makers will have the time of their lives this summer

HOLIDAY REVOLUTION

MORE than half a million people this summer are going to have a new kind of holiday.

They are going to one or another of the eighty holiday camps which have sprung up along once desolate stretches of foreshore and on the unwanted fringes of seaside towns in England and Wales.

And though they may not think about it this way, being simply out to enjoy themselves, they will be taking part in what is the most extraordinary social phenomenon of our times.

Of course, there have always been camping holidays and people who liked them. Who liked coping with tents in the rainy, windy darkness which occasionally afflicts our summer nights. Who enjoyed "bunking" in a hut mildewed from a year's lack of tenants.

Or so they said. . . .

But this new idea is as different from that kind of camping holiday as the Ritz is from a casual ward.

And that, as a matter of fact, is a fairly just comparison.

For luxury has taken the place of "roughing it," and instead of the bored loneliness of a few there is provision for the mass enjoyment of many thousands.

The essence of this new idea in holidays is showmanship.

But there is this difference between the general run of amusement catering and the holiday camps:—

The one aims at getting the maximum amount of money out of the public in the minimum time, and the other at **giving** the public the maximum possible value for its money.

Showmanship and this changed attitude towards the public is responsible for the amazing success of the holiday camps.

ALREADY THEY RANK AS A MAJOR INDUSTRY WHICH IS EMPLOYING TENS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE AND MAKING MILLIONAIRES OF THE EARLY PIONEERS.

As a departure in mass psychology they are earning the close attention of the Government, the keen interest of the railways, and they are providing the resorts authorities with the biggest headache in their history.

The Beginner

THIS holiday camp industry, built up out of super-showmanship and a vast knowledge of the arts of amusement catering, was started by a man who had experience of neither.

About eight years ago a retired Army officer called H. J. Warner was wandering along a deserted stretch of beach at Hayling Island.

During his walks he had passed the usual assortment of tent-dwellers, railway-carriage and beach-hut lodgers who had packed the foreshore every summer.

He had watched these people, who spend 50 weeks of the year working in towns, trying to cook scratch meals on oil stoves, improvising beach games out of nothing, trying to get to know each other and enjoy a communal holiday.

He knew that most of them were not enduring this kind of holiday simply because they could not **afford** a better, but because they preferred it to overcrowded seaside boarding-houses and the blighted atmosphere of many of those places.

Why not, he thought, provide them with the best features of a camping holiday—open air and freedom—but remove such irksome necessities as cooking, bed-making and finding one's own amusements?

So, on that patch of foreshore, he bought a patch of land, erected sleeping chalets, each properly furnished, built kitchens, dining-rooms, dance halls, installed baths and proper sanitation.

He laid down sports and games equipment of every kind and invented the "social organiser," whose job it was to get people to know one another.

WARNER'S FIRST CAMP WAS AN INSTANT, OVERWHELMING SUCCESS.

TO-DAY HE HAS FOUR HUGE CAMPS, AND DIRECTS A COMPANY CAPITALISED AT MANY HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF POUNDS.

Next in the field was another ex-soldier named Butlin.

Different from Warner, however, he had been a showman all his life.

He was not slow to see the potentialities of this new idea in mass holiday catering and the secret of its success—the principle of giving the campers the maximum in amusement and comfort.

He began with the now famous camp at Skegness. Against local opposition and prophecies of disaster he lavished money on this camp on an unheard-of scale.

Many other companies and organisations followed the lead of these two pioneers.

Holiday camps spread from the East and the South to the coasts of Wales, Lancashire and Scotland.

Each has been more sumptuous in its attractions than the last, and they have all grown in size till four of the biggest camps, each costing upwards of £500,000 to build, can now cater for 13,000 people at a time.

A newcomer in the industry—and significant of its future development—is the L.M.S. Railway. With Thos. Cook and Son, whose name has been more familiar in connection with "millionaire cruises," they have opened a huge holiday camp at Prestatyn on the Flintshire coast.

Six months ago the site was an empty stretch of sandhills. . . .

Like all the holiday camps, Prestatyn is entirely self-contained in its accommodation and amusement facilities.

Like them all, it offers full board and lodging and every conceivable form of amusement, from billiards to tennis and dancing—all thrown in for from £3 to £3 10s. a week.

The "campers," if they wish, can spend their whole holiday in the place, and find themselves fully occupied with every form of amusement without spending a penny above the all-in tariff.

And that is another side of this new holiday revolution, a departure from the old system under which landladies, pierrots, dance halls, amusement caterers and games parks all scrambled to get what they could of the holiday-makers' savings.

"Holiday Camps" is almost a misnomer. Each of them is really a small town, as completely organised for pleasure as any seaside resort, but built up from private capital and enterprise and not from the rates; ruled by individuals out to give their best and not by a "take it or leave it" council.

Hotels Hit

LAST year, nearly 3,000 "hotel and boarding-house proprietors" went bankrupt. The majority of them were in seaside resorts.

The principal estate agent in a South Coast town wrote to JOHN BULL to say that he had more empty boarding-houses on his books than he had flats and other "lettable" property for visitors.

He said that not a week went by without half a dozen new "to let" boards going up on boarding-houses. And in the local auction-rooms the furniture of seaside landladies is just a "drug on the market."

FOR THIS STATE OF AFFAIRS HE BLAMED THE THREE LARGE HOLIDAY CAMPS WHICH HAVE GONE UP IN THE VICINITY.

At the summer meeting of the Association of Health and Pleasure Resorts at Bridlington a few weeks ago speaker after speaker from the seaside councils got up to complain of the "formidable competition of holiday camps."

In many resorts the annual yield from the sale of every kind of beach concession, from houp-la stands to whelk stalls, has been cut by nearly half.

Reason: the holiday camps again. The campers are getting most of their amusement "on the premises."

They are not spending their sixpences and shillings on the beaches and in the town. The takings of all the people who live on the holiday-maker have gone down.

All revolutions upset the people who want to maintain the old order of things. And this holiday camp idea is no exception.

BUT THERE IS NOTHING TO BE DONE ABOUT IT. THE OLD BRIGADE MUST EITHER ADAPT THEMSELVES OR GO UNDER.

One speaker at this conference delivered some home truths. He mentioned places which greeted the visitor with a sheet of printed rules, where holiday-makers from a con-

Holiday snapshot albums look different nowadays. No longer the inevitable beach scene with the donkey in the picture. Instead, you can pose amid the luxury of a millionaire's playground.

gested town were offered sleeping quarters in a bathroom.

And he attacked "killjoy" councils who ban all Sunday recreation.

The holiday camp, with its freedom, health and catering for happiness at cheap rates, has dealt that old system a deadly blow.

IT MAY BE A PERSONAL TRAGEDY FOR MANY LANDLADIES WHO MUST LIVE ON AND BY THE HOLIDAY-MAKER. BUT THE ONLY WAY SHE CAN AVOID IT IS TO BE A BETTER LANDLADY.

"Jungle" Camps

IT is inevitable, of course, that so good an idea as the holiday camp should find unworthy imitators.

At the end of last summer a score of Watch Committees in certain seaside resorts renewed applications to the Ministry of Health for some form of legislation for camps.

Creating this demand are examples like the following:—

Near one fishing village on the Lancashire coast a certain promoter established a small "holiday camp" consisting of about 80 huts and the usual buildings to serve as kitchen, dining-hall and dance hall.

There was also a "games room," but the chief feature of this was a well-stocked bar.

The local authorities could not prevent his buying the land and putting up the camp.

They could not prevent his selling alcoholic liquor because he took out a "club licence"

He deluged the near-by mill towns with booklets giving picturesque exaggerations about the amenities of his camp.

Within a month of its opening, the local police station was visited a score of times at night by frightened girls who asked for sanctuary.

They had arrived at the camp for a holiday and found that the chalets used by men and women were not separated.

Their cubicles were continually invaded by drunken men.

There was no attempt by the camp authorities at control, no organisation proper to a well-conducted camp.

The bar was the key point of this camp. In that same first month there were six arrests in the village of "drunk and disorderly" men campers who had emerged after midnight and made the life of the village hideous with howling vocal choruses and drunken brawls.

For the 80 or so *real* holiday camps in Britain, there are as many of these mushroom creations which have been rushed forward to cash in on a great idea.

Their promoters have spent the bare minimum to keep within the health and sanitation laws. They are selling "licence," not holiday liberty.

But national legislation to put them down is not needed so much as common-sense on the part of the people who might be beguiled into visiting them. For their character is apparent from the first day.

All that is needed is a demand for "money back" for at least the first week of the stay. Nine times out of ten it will be paid.

THE PROMOTERS OF THESE "FREE AND EASY" CAMPS DO NOT WANT TOO MUCH SCANDAL. THEIR "JUNGLE" CAMPS CATER FOR A LIMITED CLASS AND THEY WILL DIE.

Health First

FIRST purpose of any proper holiday is to renew health. And there is this to be said for the new holiday camps. They have made this object No. 1 on the schedule of their undertakings.

The organisers do not pretend to be philanthropists, but they have found that fit holiday-makers are good customers.

And it is their *business* to work hand-in-hand with the national drive for a healthy Britain. In fact, they can claim to have done far more in this direction than the heavily subsidised Government organisation.

We have the daily time-table of one big camp before us, and it is typical of them all.

At 10 a.m. there is a "Keep Fit" class for an hour. It is open to all campers, and is supervised by an ex-Army gymnastic staff instructor. And it is held in a fully equipped gymnasium.

At 12 there is boxing and fencing instruction for those who wish it. From 2 until 4 p.m. there are organised water sports on the sea front with competitions for swimming and diving.

After lunch also there are four separate instructional classes—"limbering up" exercises, gymnastic dancing, golf driving practice and "medicine ball" work. In addition, those who choose can have riding tuition. This is the only form of sport or exercise for which the campers need pay an extra fee.

While all this is going on the camper can, if he likes, play tennis, bowls, squash on any of dozens of courts and greens, and all free.

Even the games equipment is provided.

Dancing goes on intermittently from 4 till 11.30 p.m. At this camp there is a huge games room fitted out with expensive health appliances like rowing machines and "electric horses."

There are even fully equipped Turkish baths!

Happiness and health are synonymous.

There is a big staff of "hosts," whose main job is to introduce people to each other, to organise dances and games, and to see that nobody need spend a bored and lonely hour.

For those who want only rest there are the libraries and billiard rooms of the camps, the comfortable chalet rooms which every camper gets. To "get away from the crowd" there are the private beaches and wide-open spaces.

Compare that with the old-time holiday standard of thousands which usually meant sleeping off boarding-house meals on a crowded beach, dragging round a so-called "Fun Fair" for amusement and paying, *paying* all the time—even for the sea.

Compare it also with the places where hot meals are not available after Saturday noon; where holiday-makers returning from the pictures find the door locked against them; where visitors have to walk about in stockinged feet for fear of disturbing the landlady.

For Mother

ONE common delusion which the holiday camp organisers are anxious to destroy is that these camps are only for adults and single young people.

But all the big establishments cater specially for children and for the family party.

At one East Coast camp (and, again, it is typical of them all) there is a boating and paddling lake for children, a special children's beach with a waterguard and supplies of aquatic playthings like rubber sea-horses and paddle-boats.

There is a huge play-room stocked with toys and children's games.

A doctor and nurses are on the staff, and in addition there is a crèche in which younger children can be left under skilled and careful attention.

To how many mothers will this be a wonderful boon after the boarding-house type of seaside holiday that was no holiday at all.

And father will like it, too.

Safety Idea

WHAT began as a new venture in holiday catering may have important uses in a state of "National Emergency."

These holiday camps, miniature townships all of them, with their wonderful self-contained organisation for feeding and sleeping thousands of people, are a blessing to the authorities who are drafting evacuation schemes.

Nearly all of them are in "safe areas." And their usefulness in this direction is one reason why the Government views the holiday camp development with such a benign eye.

IT IS EVEN COPYING THE IDEA. UNDER THE CAMPS ACT, £1,200,000 HAS BEEN SET ASIDE FOR CAMPS WHICH CAN BE USED AS SCHOOLS IN PEACE-TIME OR AS EVACUATION CENTRES IN TIME OF WAR.

But all the existing holiday camps have already been scheduled for emergency use. Last January they showed what they could do. One camp alone, at Dovercourt, absorbed all the hundreds of refugee children sent over from Germany. And with only a fraction of its normal staff it easily housed them for many months.

On the East and South Coasts of England the existing camps provide holiday accommodation for a total of at least 100,000 people at a time. The West Coast takes another 50,000. But in times of stress, and by packing the chalets and other buildings, the holiday camps could easily take 600,000 people.

So this great new idea for the holiday health and happiness of the people may be a vital national safety asset in time of war.

SHORT STORY
INTRODUCING CHARLIE FERNY

a retired Cockney greengrocer, who keeps the Fox in Neston Magna. With his keen wit and native shrewdness he's become a great favourite with the villagers—and a great help to them when troubles come along. His adventures, which we shall publish during the next few weeks, have been brilliantly told—

By David Adam

HALF-WAY up the deep-rutted chalk track that scarred the green flank of One Tree Down, Charlie Ferny paused for breath, and turned, as a man will when the climb is stiff and long, to look behind him.

His eyes narrowed, for the sun shone with the hard brilliance of early Spring, and he wished to miss no detail of the scene below.

There wound the road from Sulchester, and there the darker ribbon of the Benner stream that crossed and re-crossed the road, once beneath a little wooden bridge and lower down the village by way of a shallow ford, which even from this distance glinted where clear water washed clean pebble.

Cottages, here grouped like old ladies at gossip and there straggling along the roadside. . . . Church on its hillock among trees as old, some of them, as its own squat tower. . . .

And in the heart of it, his own sweet inn, whitewashed walls blazing in the sunshine, save where black timber lined it and the bright-coloured sign told that it was the Fox By The Hill.

With an effort, Charlie turned from the valley and plodded on. Over the top the track went, then down into the hollow behind the hill.

This was Charlie's favourite walk, for it took him round Hibbing's Wood, where there were rabbits to see and, just now, perhaps a strutting, Spring-proud cock pheasant.

The track, no longer chalky, led down through a corner of the wood, across a little fallow field to a gap in the thorn hedge, where a six-barred gate served, by common usage, as a stile. . . .

But now, as Charlie approached, he saw that things were happening to the gate.

Two men—whom he recognised as farm hands employed by Colonel Ferridge-Bentock—were busily winding strands of barbed wire round the use-smoothed timber of the gate.

And, if that were not sufficient discouragement, there was a bright new padlock hanging from a new and efficient-looking pair of staples.

Charlie slowed his pace: he was not a man to turn back until he was satisfied he could not go on.

The wire-winders did not pause in their work, nor speak, though Charlie had drawn them many a pint. . . . And then he saw the reason. . . .

Their master, the Colonel himself, was standing on the rising turf just beyond the hedge, watching the proceedings with evident satisfaction.

"DON'T spare the wire, Simpson," he said; "there's plenty more where that came from." And Charlie knew that the remark was made for his ear.

He thrust his hands into his trouser pockets and waited for the Colonel to fire the next shot.

"Afternoon, Ferny." The aim was more direct this time. "I'm glad you've come up just at the psychological moment. . . . You'll be able to tell the lads of the village that there'll be no more skylarking about on *my* land. . . .

"And that goes for poachers and ne'er-do-wells and those precious hikers you encourage with your bread-and-cheese and beer."

By the tone of the Colonel's voice, Charlie half expected him to add: "And for you, too, for that matter."

Charlie thoughtfully chewed a grass-stem and grunted.

"I dunno," he said, "as I bin in me rights. . . . But for four or five years now I've used this path, and them as was here before me—and before you, too—have told me as how it's bin a right-o'-way ever since One Tree Down were a mole-hill."

"If you ever were in what you call your rights," said the Colonel, beginning to enjoy himself, "you certainly have no such rights now. This path is legally and finally closed."

Charlie Ferny twirled his grass-stem between thumb and forefinger in silence.

The Colonel was disappointed. He had hoped for an outburst from this Cockney churl. His final shot was still in the barrel, but there was no sport in shooting it at a sitting bird. However . . .

"You may not know it," he said with truculent confidence, "but by a recent Act of Parliament governing rights-of-way all footpaths which are to be maintained as such rights-of-way must be marked and recorded on a map deposited with the local authorities."

HE paused, feeling that he had put the position rather neatly. "If you can show me," he went on, "any such record of this path in the possession of the rural district council for this area, I shall be pleased to order my men to remove the wire and padlock."

"I dunno about that," Charlie began; but the Colonel took his cue briskly.

"Of course you don't know," he cut in with acid pleasure. "You Nestonites know precious little of what's going on in the world. But I know, because I happen to have taken the trouble to consult the maps, such as they are, in the possession of the local authorities. And there is nothing to indicate that this is, or ever was, a right-of-way."

The Colonel glared over the gate at Charlie, challenge in the tilt of his small head, and immense satisfaction in his sharp, grey eyes, close-set beneath beetling, sandy brows.

"'Twon't be popular," said Charlie. "This 'ere track's bin used by Neston chaps for donkeys' years. . . . It cuts orf four miles o' the road between Neston and Pattiford, and that's a tidy bit. . . . Still, if them are yer rights, Colonel, I've no doubt you'll use 'em."

And with that the landlord of the Fox turned and made his way back along the track.

"THERE'S no accountin' for the law," said Jimmie Barton, after a searching glance into the depths of his tankard. "Soon as yer turns yer back they makes rules an' reg'lations as ties you up in knots, an' there's no gainsayin' 'em."

"True 'nough," said Hector Tomlin, who had once acquired an ancient motor-cycle, and with it broken quite a number of laws hitherto unknown to him. "They'm fair 'mazin'."

"I can't figger why they wants us to put down on a bit o' paper footpaths as 'as been footpaths since Napoleon and long afore 'im," old Sam Tafter put in from his seat in the corner.

Sam had probably not climbed the hill for thirty years, but he was no less indignant than the rest at Charlie's news.

Charlie himself, having announced the closure of the track, was silent. He rested his elbows on his clean-scrubbed bar, and his round, red face on his palms.

One finger thoughtfully massaged the side of his thick nose, and there was

(Continued on page 24)

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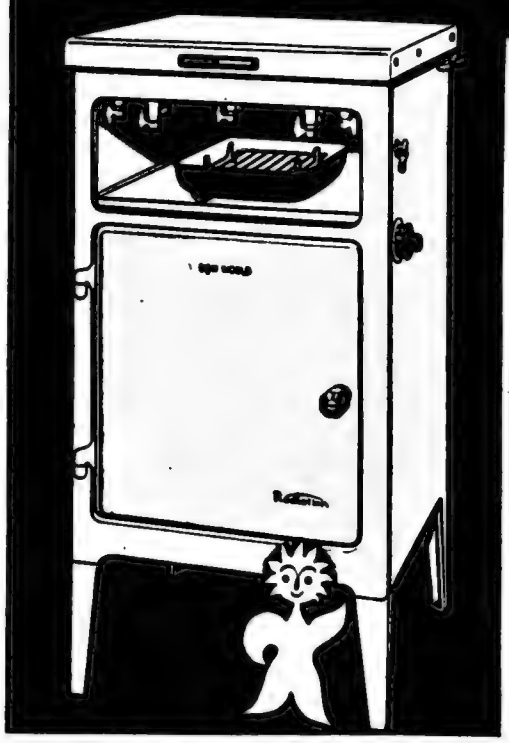

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Continuing Our Short Story "Red Sky at Night"

CHECKMATE for the COLONEL

Here's Charlie Ferny, landlord at the Fox. Next week he has an unpleasant mystery to solve but, with Postman's help, he rids Neston Magna of an unwelcome stranger

just a hint of amusement in his pale blue eyes as he listened to the little storm that had sprung up in the Fox.

"This Colonel Bentock's a fair caution," said Jimmie Barton, whose business as a farrier took him often enough over the down to Pattiford.

A sour silence fell over the little bar, and Charlie came round to stir the fire with his boot.

"Well, mates," he said, turning his back to the ash-whitened logs, "seein' as you feels like that about it, what are we going to do?"

Nobody answered. In Neston they knew the power of the law and of the landowner. Charlie glanced over into the little private bar before he spoke again, and his voice was pitched a shade lower when he told them what was in his mind. . . .

* * *

THE Neston Magna Volunteer Fire Brigade was accounted a bit of a joke when Charlie first came to the Fox. It had attended burning ricks and heath fires and, more occasionally, the obsequies of thatched cottages; but its rather happy-go-lucky system and primitive equipment had reduced its efficiency to zero.

Charlie, having seen a couple of turnouts, had taken it in hand, hammered the old manual engine into some sort of working shape, bought quite a lot of second-hand hose out of the proceeds of a darts tournament, and instituted a weekly drill and a monthly meeting of members.

It was after the brigade's next drill that the question of the hill-track once more cropped up, at a meeting of interested villagers convened and presided over by the inn-keeper.

"I 'ave to report," said Charlie, an unaccustomed pair of spectacles perched on his nose, "that an answer's bin received to the letter wot we wrote to Colonel Ferridge-Bentock. . . . I'll read it. . . ." And he did:

"Colonel Ferridge-Bentock will be pleased to accept the invitation of Mr. Charles Ferny to bring a little light to the mediæval darkness of Neston Magna by explaining the working of the Commons and Footpaths Act of 1932."

Mr. Charles Ferny permitted himself a very unchairmanly comment.

"I thought that'd fetch 'im," he said.

Then he picked up another document, a rather oddly-worded affair drawn up by Verger Burnup, in what he fancied was good legal English.

"I 'ave 'ere," said Charlie, "the document wot we proposes to ask the Colonel to sign when 'e gets 'ere. I'll read that, too."

He read:

"I, the undersigned Edward Vernon Ferridge-Bentock, of Longways, near Pattiford, in the County of Woodshire, do hereby solemnly declare, being in sane mind and sound body, that I the said undersigned do hereby revoke the closing of the footpath over One Tree Down to Pattiford by way of Hibbing's Wood and Nettley Field, and hereby give right-of-way over the said track to all persons, whatsoever without let or hindrance and when they like. . . ."

Charlie got no further, for his ear caught the cloppety sound of a horse's hooves on the road outside. The door opened to admit the Colonel.

The clatter of chairs, moved back to make a place for the visitor, drowned the hiss of a rocket which shot up from the yard behind the inn to scatter a sudden constellation of coloured stars in the dark sky over the village. . . .

SURE of his ground, the Colonel brought with him the atmosphere of a court-martial.

His audience listened politely and nodded sagely now and then. At length the Colonel asked, his voice a mixture of honey and acid: "Any questions?"

Charlie heaved his bulk from his chair. "Yes, Colonel," he said. "Wot we'd like to ask is, would yer care to sign this 'ere?"

He handed over the Verger's document.

There was a heavy silence in the bar, until the Colonel found words.

"What . . . what is this piece of impertinent nonsense?" he bellowed.

The words died on his over-heated tongue, for Charlie Ferny had gripped his arm with one large hand, while the other directed his gaze through the window of the bar, towards One Tree Down.

Over the shoulder of the hill the sky was an angry red glow.

"Looks like a rick afire," said the landlord. ". . . Or an 'ouse. . . ."

He hadn't to tell the Colonel that in that direction there was no rick, no house for miles save those that belonged to the Colonel himself.

The Colonel was the first to reach the door, for Charlie paused to shout over his shoulder: "Come on lads, there's a job for us!"

The turn-out was probably a record one for the Neston Brigade. But it was not quick enough for the Colonel, who was fuming at the thought that fifteen miles separated his farm and house from the regular brigade at Sulchester.

As a dozen volunteers helped with brave enthusiasm to drag the engine from its home in Jimmie Barton's barn, the Colonel turned to Charlie. "Can you get that contraption over the down?" he asked. "It'll take half an hour longer to get there by road."

"Well," said Charlie, "we could've got it over in the old days. . . . But things is different now, with these 'ere new Acts of Parli'ment."

"PARLIAMENT be damned!" barked the Colonel. "This is an emergency, and you have my full permission. . . ."

Charlie cut in with a stubborn: "No, sir, I think we'd best go b' road. . . . The law's the law, and we can't go alterin' it at this time o' night."

The glow in the sky seemed to have spread, and the Colonel's face wore much the same tint when he turned on the inn-keeper.

"This is nonsense, man. . . . That half-hour may save thousands of pounds' worth of property."

"Then mebbe you'll change yer mind abaht this?" said Charlie pleasantly, and held up the Verger's masterpiece.

For a moment he thought the paper would be torn to shreds, but the Colonel controlled himself.

The two went back into the inn, and the document was signed and witnessed to the music of hooves churning up gravel, for the two huge draught horses that pulled Neston's manual engine could never quite get accustomed to the excitement of these brigade outings.

There were few able-bodied villagers who did not assist the passage of the engine to the crest of the down. The Colonel led the way, his grey mare picking an uncertain path over the deep ruts of the chalk track, while the engine rattled and swayed behind him.

At the gate of contention there was a check, while the Colonel, cursing, searched his pockets for the key to the padlock. Jimmie Barton jumped down from the engine. In his hand he swung a deadly-looking fire-axe—the only one the brigade possessed.

"Will I open 'er up, sir?" he asked; and the Colonel gave an affirmative bark.

WITH a real farrier's swing, Jimmie removed staples, lock and a long sliver of wood. The gate was open.

At the top of the slope beyond, the Colonel reined in and signalled the brigade to halt.

Incredulously he gazed down into the blackness of the little valley which he ruled. Dense blackness was there, without a hint of red. Only the lighted squares of the windows of Longways, peaceful as the night itself.

"When we saw the rocket go up," said Jem Turvy, an hour later, "I set 'un alight in the woods above Longways. Tom 'ere was a-keepin' watch, an' when 'e 'ears Keeper Samways comin' 'e slips off over t'other side o' the wood and starts another burnin'." Then, when the keeper gets near, dowses it, and I lights one. We used 'em all 'cept one."

He pulled from his pocket a number of charred cardboard cylinders, and one which still bore its blue touch-paper and its label: "Red Fire."

"I reckon you done well," said Charlie, coming from behind the bar with a loaded tray.

"Ar," said the farrier, who was pinning up the Colonel's signed statement on the darts club notice-board. "But will 'e stick to this?"

Charlie put down his tray and grinned.

"I'll bet a barrel o' me best bitter 'e will," he said. "'E's got no proof, an' if 'e 'ad 'e'd never use it. Not likely! Why, if the truth came aht, 'e'd be the laughin' stock o' 'the 'ole cahnty . . . an' 'e knows it.

"An' now, lads, I'll ask yer to drink up. . . . It wants one minute to closin' time."

THE VACANCY HAS BEEN FILLED

Joan's qualifications for the job were *exactly* right. Her experience had been *exactly* on the right lines, yet after quite a successful interview, the job had gone to another applicant. Actually her handwriting lost the day. Untidy, straggling, very difficult to read, showing apparently both lack of character and lack of care. Yet Joan *really* writes quite a clear, firm pleasing hand. Only she never seems to hit on the right pen—and the wrong pen will ruin anyone's writing.

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BREAD FOR ENERGY

C.F.H.567

"No monkey tricks," said the Dockmaster. "I've got you covered"

White CARGO

TWISTING and turning round the harbour buoys, the Portuguese tramp nosed up river. It was evening, misty and drizzling.

In the background the mysterious shapes of ancient buildings stood out against the sky.

The gables, flattened archways and crazy chimneys of the old town looked like a drenched fairyland.

It was a picturesque spot, this decaying East Coast port, and the untidy quayside where we stood was the most picturesque corner of all.

But the Dockmaster broke my reverie.

"Hell," he muttered, as the tramp's syren boomed. "Rodriguez back."

"Rodriguez?"

"A dago—like his ship. And he always brings trouble. . . ."

* * *

Neither my friend Alf nor I spent much time in the new part of the town. Whenever we could we escaped from the jangling trams, the bright lights and cinemas.

That was why we had got to know the Dockmaster—I'll call him Coleman—so well. Often he took us aboard a dirty collier or a squat-funnelled tanker. Sometimes at night we wandered with him over the silent quays.

It was a day or two after the arrival of the Portuguese tramp when Alf asked me to meet him and Coleman at 10.30 p.m. at the big grain warehouse.

He was a bit mysterious about the business, but I turned up before the church clock chimed the half-hour.

Both of them arrived together in a minute or two, and the Dockmaster let us into the chandler's store and lighted the lamp.

"You're a hefty chap, Bill," said Coleman presently. "Alf says you're useful with your fists. We are going across to visit that scoundrel Rodriguez."

"Expect a scrap?"

"NOTHING like being ready for one. I suspect the rascal has smuggled some white cargo aboard, and we are going to make sure. Alf said you might like to join in the fun.

"We don't want the police in this if it can be helped. It's a bit delicate." He fumbled in a drawer, produced two murderous-looking clasp-knives, and handed one to each of us.

"Keep these for an emergency, boys, and if it comes to a show-down don't forget it's all-in. No boxing rules with Rodriguez. . . ."

At eleven o'clock the three of us rowed out to the Portuguese tramp, which was due to sail with the tide in twenty minutes. We followed Coleman aboard. Rodriguez received us with cordiality and many gestures.

He was a powerfully built, squat fellow, with a good deal of the tar-brush, a wicked face, bristling hair and moustache, and small, cunning eyes.

"'Ere are ze sheep's papers," he said, taking the Dockmaster to his desk. "All is een order."

Coleman sat down and with provoking slowness examined them meticulously until Rodriguez began to lose patience. He stumped up and down, gesticulating. Presently the Dockmaster rose from his chair

"I'm not satisfied with your manifest," he said.

"Santa Maria!" spluttered the skipper. "Ze tide, ze tide. I am in ballast. Vot do you vant?"

"I have reason to think you are carrying other cargo," declared the Dockmaster calmly. "And I propose to search the ship before I clear you."

"Zo I mees ze tide, eh?" The man looked like murder. Threateningly I opened my huge clasp-knife and fingered the blade. Alf did the same. It was not lost on the Portuguese.

"Listen, Rodriguez," said the Dockmaster. "My friends are armed and so am I. Got me?"

Rodriguez glared, but he said nothing.

We combed the ship from stem to stern, but found nothing. Coleman began to look worried. The skipper and his mate were grinning. Suddenly he had an inspiration.

He led the way rapidly back to the captain's cabin, with all of us on his heels. There we found a Greek steward, an unsavoury-looking rascal.

Coleman pointed to a plate that gave access to a space between the ship's inner and outer "skins."

"Unfasten it," he commanded.

The steward glanced at the captain. His hand went towards his thigh pocket.

"No monkey tricks," said the Dockmaster. "I've got you covered." He had, too, with an automatic. Alf and I were ready. It was an anxious moment. Then Rodriguez thought better of challenging us. The plate was unfastened.

Utterly exhausted, wet through, and in a state of collapse, lay two half-naked young women, with filthy scarves tied across their mouths and their hands bound.

We helped them out, freed them and ordered Rodriguez to produce their clothes.

Rodriguez tried to bluff. He said they had agreed to come away with him

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is offered for your real life adventure story, if accepted, length not exceeding 1,200 words. A stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable should be enclosed.

Reader's Story

by William Clifford,

Duncan Street, Sheffield

"Looks like it," sneered Coleman, "but I know your game. You picked these girls up and were taking them away to sell for your vile white slave traffic. Shall I send for the police?"

"No, no, no, sare," cried Rodriguez, beginning to grovel.

"It would mean ten years at least," said Coleman. "But we don't want dagoes like you in our prisons."

When the girls were ready to join us in the boat the Dockmaster, to my surprise, cleared the ship's papers and told Rodriguez he could leave by the next tide.

"But," he said, raising a warning finger, "if you ever dare show your nose in this port again, or any other British port, I'll report you to the police at once, with my friends here as witnesses."

ON reaching shore, we took the two weeping girls to their homes close by. Then Coleman took us back to the chandler's store and gave us a stiff drink.

"Boys," he said, "I'd no right to let that rascal get away, but I had my reasons. Those girls, silly little fools, were enticed on board by Rodriguez, who gave them drugged wine.

"Their parents are old friends of mine. They implored me to rescue them, but not to drag the girls into a scandal. I have risked my job, if no worse, but what else was I to do?"

"It goes no further with us, does it, Bill?" said Alf.

"Certainly not," I agreed. And I looked across the river at the twisted old town. How many times had similar crimes been planned beneath its shadows? And how many times had they been successful?

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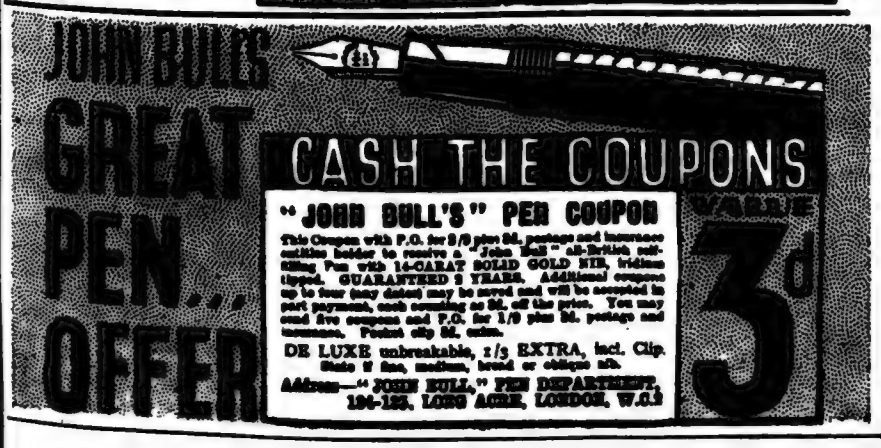
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A recent photograph of Mrs. Turner with the actual curtains.

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He Makes Bullets Talk

EXPERT WITNESS MURDERERS DREAD

The second of a series of articles about civilian wizards who help the police.

To-day, broad-moustached Mr. Churchill is behind the scenes in a dozen major crime cases . . . yet he remains unknown to the world at large

RICHES had been lavished on the magnificent palace. It had witnessed scenes of luxury dear to the hearts of India's Maharajahs.

And now it had become a Court of Justice. Certain of its exquisitely furnished apartments had become laboratories with microscopes and kinematograph projectors littering the marble benches.

To Mr. Robert Churchill everything seemed strange.

He had spent his life exploring the nature and habits of firearms. Constantly he was called into London law courts to decide an issue on some technical point of gun or pistol. But he had never thought that they would demand his services in far away India.

Yet here he was—the most important man in one of the strangest trials ever known.

There were no newspapermen, no public. Still more amazing, there were no prisoners

The accused men had refused to attend unless the judges resigned or apologised for having them handcuffed!

But even their absence could not shatter the evidence Mr. Churchill had put together. It was damning evidence, subtler than they could understand.

When a bomb was thrown in the Assembly Chamber at Delhi, when two police officers were killed at Lahore and a factory was raided at Saharanpur, there seemed on the surface, little relation between the three crimes.

Then someone stumbled on some cartridge cases near the spot where Superintendent Sanders and his colleague were shot, and bullets were recovered from the bodies.

The outrage at Saharanpur produced further cartridge cases. Finally they arrested a man at Delhi.

He carried a Browning automatic. It was a case for Mr. Churchill. More than one hundred exhibits were brought secretly to London for his examination.

In June 1930, this "miracle man" flew to Delhi with all his microscopes and apparatus. He travelled incognito and when certain newspapers got wind of his arrival, the whole edition was suppressed and his guard doubled. His evidence was vital and nothing must happen to him. He was the expert witness

Mr. Churchill, like other expert witnesses, knew what it was to go in fear of his life. There were many minions of Lahore's underworld who would willingly have done him to death.

Instead, he reached Lahore safely and on the appointed day faced the tribunal of three judges in the bizarre setting of this Eastern palace.

He proved conclusively that the Browning pistol recovered at Delhi was responsible for the death of Sanders. He connected the Mauser case from Lahore with the Mauser cases found at Saharanpur. Definitely there had been a conspiracy

"No Two Alike"

Twenty-four prisoners were eventually involved in the case. There were more than 100 witnesses for the prosecution and the proceedings lasted over 18 months.

The whole of the evidence turned on Mr. Churchill's statements. Without him they would have known the men guilty. But they could never have proved guilt. How did he convince those hard-headed judges that his deductions were correct?

CHURCHILL'S METHODS ARE FASCINATING, THOUGH THEY HAVE A TECHNICAL AND RATHER INTIMIDATING NAME—FORENSIC BALLISTICS. HE HAS PERFECTED THIS GENTLE ART TO THE SAME DEGREE AS THE FINGER-PRINT SYSTEM.

Guns firing conical bullets have grooves which spin the bullet and keep it accurate in flight. These grooves vary in depth, direction, number and degree with different makes.

Thus you can quickly identify the type of revolver used. It is far more difficult to identify one particular bullet with one particular barrel.

Describing the process, Mr. Churchill says: "Under the microscope there are no two blades of grass or two matchsticks alike in the world, and, similarly, there are no two barrels or two barrel grooves which are absolutely alike.

"Just as a razor blade alters with every shave, so boring bits alter with every cut, and each barrel is given a set of minute lines and scratches entirely its own.

Spelt Disaster

"These unique markings are transferred to the fired bullet and constitute what is really a signature, unique and impossible of duplication. . . ."

The markings have convicted hundreds of men in the last 20 years. Minute scorings, undiscernible to the naked eye, have spelt disaster for many a murderer.

To-day, broad-moustached Mr. Churchill moves modestly in the background of a dozen major crimes, producing vital evidence, yet remaining unknown to the world at large.

He was one of the chief figures in the remarkable case of George Kitchen, an ex-Metropolitan policeman, charged with murdering his son James.

Cleaning his spade in their muddy yard one morning, James Kitchen suddenly collapsed. His father, working some yards away, heard his son cry, "Oh, dear . . .!" rushed to help and found him seriously wounded He died soon afterwards.

Later they found that he had been shot with a sporting gun. The father, George Kitchen, had himself leaned the gun against the wall.

All these facts were as given by George Kitchen. He admitted responsibility for the gun's position in the yard, but pointed out that his son's retriever was gambolling around at the time, and might have collided with the gun.

G. R. Paling, representing the office of the Director of Public Prosecutions, suggested that the gun ". . . could only have been fired by human agency." There followed some astonishing evidence.

Mr. Churchill described to the Bench the precise nature of the gun, and explained that the normal pull of such a gun was in the neighbourhood of four pounds to the right barrel and five pounds to the left barrel.

Actually, the right pull on the gun in question was fifteen pounds, and the left pull seven pounds.

Now it was the left barrel which had fired the fatal shot, and since it needed a two-pound extra pull above the normal five pounds, he thought the gun was safer against accidental firing.

Supposing the force of the fall had discharged the weapon, Mr. Churchill said he would have expected the shot to travel along the ground or upwards, whereas the direction of the wound was *downwards*.

Then he went on to explain some experiments carried out by Sir Bernard Spilsbury and himself. Using a model of the man's body they had reconstructed the situation. A rod was fitted to the model in the precise line of the direction of the wound. Then they trained a gun on the "body."

Mud Clue?

"Every position was tested," said Mr. Churchill, "and the rod came into alignment with the gun only when the man was slightly turned away to the right, and with the weight on the left foot and bending slightly forward. . . . The position of the gun was then to the shoulder.

"It also came into alignment when the body was more bent, and when the gun was held between the two hands and below the shoulder level. . . ."

There were many other interesting features in this complex case. The yard, for instance, was very muddy and yet the gun had only a slight trace of mud on one barrel.

If the weapon discharged as it hit the ground, the recoil would have thrust it into, or along, the muddy surface.

Another interesting piece of evidence was not revealed until the case came before Mr. Justice Swift at the Old Bailey.

Then William Kitchen, brother of the shot man, explained that attached to the collar of James's dog was a metal disc which carried his name. Was it possible that this disc had caught in the gun trigger and discharged it?

Later in the case they demonstrated that the hammer of the gun could be pushed down when the gun was at half-cock, and Mr. Clinton Thorp, for the defence, suggested that it was therefore unsafe.

Finally, after what to Kitchen must have seemed months of agonising interplay between experts and lawyers, Mr. Justice Swift gave a lead to the jury.

"If you want to go on and hear the evidence," he said, "you can go on, but if you feel as I do that you cannot possibly convict, you are entitled to say, 'We have heard enough and we find the prisoner not guilty. . . '"

Acquitted

The jury followed the judge's advice and George Kitchen left the Old Bailey that day without stigma of any kind, a man straightforwardly acquitted.

It is in such cases as this that Mr. Robert Churchill has played his most important parts.

His evidence was vital in the Browne and Kennedy affair. His research related the cartridge case found in the abandoned car, with Browne's revolver.

The results of such cases are widely publicised. But the work of the expert witness barely touched.

WITHOUT WIG, GOWN OR ANY INSIGNIA OF OFFICE, THESE MEN WORK IN THE BACKGROUND OF THE LAW.

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How to Hold the Boy Friend—Nan Grey and Joy Hodges give you Hollywood's solution to a tricky problem.

Personality Plus — Read what Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy and Leslie Howard think makes for success in life.

Screen's Queen of "Oomph" — Ann Sheridan sets the style in sex appeal for 1939.

You Can't Have Romance and a Career—Do you agree with Jeanette Macdonald's challenging article?

Wedding Bells for 1939—Cupid has been working overtime — meet Hollywood's newly-weds.

Nice Work if you Can Get It—Norman Payne exposes the tragedy of Screen Children.

The Things They Do For Films—Read what happened when they made Gable a dancer, Shearer an acrobat and Nelson Eddy a boxer.

and pages and pages more in which you interview Deanna Durbin, spend an out-door day with Errol Flynn, learn the secrets of a host of famous stars through their handwriting, meet the real Joan Crawford, etc.

HUMANIST discusses stammering, says IT CAN be cured. This page will comfort those who feel themselves—

GAGGED for LIFE

"I AM close on fifty," writes a reader, "and all my life I have been under a curse: the curse of stammering. I don't think anything can be done about it now, but if it had been tackled when I was a boy I should have been saved all these years of misery.

"Do you know a wealthy man—a millionaire—who has suffered the same affliction?" the reader continues. "Would it be possible to persuade him to do something for other victims?

"I am told that stammering can be completely cured in a few weeks, but most sufferers cannot afford the money or the time.

"There are plenty of organisations to help the blind, the deaf, the epileptic, and so forth; but the stammerer is left to struggle along alone.

"Alone because his first instinct is to shun his fellows through fear of being laughed at. He goes through life with a horrible feeling of inferiority."

I receive letters from men suffering from this trouble almost every week. When they are living within easy reach of London I give them the name of an expert who specialises in the treatment of stammering. I have heard of some really remarkable cures.

But, as the writer of the letter says, the difficulty is to get the time off, especially when a young man is in a job. I am sorry to say I can't help with a millionaire.

It is a pity, because he could pay for a dozen victims to have, say, a month's treatment and he would have the consolation of knowing he had helped a class of people who endure their misery without hope of relief.

HERE is another letter on the same subject:—

"I am 22, single, and I have got on very well in my work. I am now in a fairly good position with a fine chance of promotion, and this is where my trouble starts.

"I have always been afflicted with an impediment in my speech. My job includes quite a lot of telephone work, so you can quite understand how very self-conscious this makes me feel.

"The stammer was only very slight at first, but just lately it seems to be getting worse, and I am beginning to dread having to talk to people, especially strangers.

"Of course my employer knows I am afflicted this way, although he never says anything about it, and that's what is worrying me. There is no knowing when he may. A person like me can make all the difference in business.

"I might add that I am interested in my work and it would break my heart to have to leave; but if this stammering continues I am afraid something is bound to happen.

"What shall I do, Humanist? Seek new employment or stay where I am and let things take their course? Please help me if you possibly can."

I have advised this reader to do neither of the things he suggests. There is no point in running away from a job he enjoys. It would not solve the problem because the trouble would remain with him.

Nor do I recommend letting things take their course. The obvious thing to do is to tackle the impediment and try to get rid of it. I gave him the name of a person who has succeeded in helping worse cases than his.

Men and women who have made a careful study of stammering are convinced that it originates from some trouble — probably emotional — during childhood.

REMEDIES are very varied. Some experts concentrate on the psychological treatment and endeavour to remove the lack of confidence or the fear which underlies it. Others deal with the physical aspect—correct breathing, relaxing muscles, speech training, and vocal gymnastics.

The greatest authorities believe that both methods must be used in order to achieve a permanent cure.

When the ordinary person talks, the words form in the mind and flow automatically through the organs of speech without any let or hindrance. The stammerer fails to do this either because his mind is confused or because there is a hindrance in the mechanical process of shaping words.

There is no "trick" remedy. It is work which demands a specialist's advice and ready co-operation from the sufferer.

But I can assure stammerers that the trouble is curable, though naturally the earlier it is tackled the greater the chance of complete success.

Teachers say that if a boy who is left-handed by nature is compelled to write with his right hand, he often begins to stammer or stutter. There is plenty of evidence for this.

It is not certain, however, that the change from left- to right-handedness causes the stammer. Much depends on how the change is brought about.

If the boy is made to feel that he is in some way "odd" or unlike normal boys, that may cause him to lose confidence in himself. The stammering springs from this sense of being peculiar.

The next letter comes from a young man who has difficulty in talking—but from a very different reason:—

"I received an elementary school education which, I fear, is a great handicap because I haven't the 'gift of the gab.'

"Now for my difficulty. I have just met a charming girl, but as I am very reserved in her company and she is inclined to be the same, we never seem to talk in an easy manner.

"After half an hours' talk we relapse into almost complete silence which is very embarrassing. This is where I should appreciate your help.

"Are there any books that would assist me in extending my knowledge? Or could you suggest some other course to take?"

WELL, I could easily suggest plenty of interesting books for the young man to read. JOHN BULL has offered a great many at amazingly small cost.

But I don't think this is going to solve the problem at all.

If a young man and girl have awkward silences when they're together it is clear that there is a barrier between them. They both feel shy and awkward because of what has been left unsaid.

If the young man thinks the girl is charming, let him tell her so!

Let him tell her what he likes about her. Find out what she thinks about—anything and everything. Compare impressions of people. Talk about likes and dislikes. Discuss local news. Get to know one another and leave abstract subjects till later.

When conversation becomes personal and intimate the barrier will disappear. They will have thousands of things to say to each other. There won't be time enough to say half of them.

But while the barrier of shyness stands between them the discussion of books of knowledge won't break it.

That barrier could be brought down in two minutes! Why waste time looking at it?

"Humanist" invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

My job involves a lot of telephoning . . . I am beginning to dread having to talk. . . . What shall I do?

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Beechams Pills are the most famous of all laxatives, gentle, natural, effective, reliable. They are purely vegetable — and you can get them everywhere. Make Beechams Pills your Golden Rule of Health!

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Worth a Guinea a Box

HOW TO CURE PAINFUL WIND

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

One of the most agonising and embarrassing forms of digestive trouble which we doctors have to treat is wind, or flatulence. Fortunately, it is a symptom which is easily recognised and generally quite straightforward to deal with.

Wind is caused by excess stomach acid—your stomach is producing too much acid, so that instead of digesting your food, it ferments it. This fermentation causes gases or 'wind' to form, and this wind distends the stomach or intestine, so causing those terrible, cramping pains. What is needed in such cases is a good antacid—'Bisurated' Magnesia is what I personally recommend. 'Bisurated' Magnesia instantly neutralises harmful excess acid, and so *prevents* wind from forming. A dose after meals is the ideal insurance against indigestion and flatulence.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to above by Dr. Scott, is available at all chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6.

SPECIALLY FOR HOUSEWIVES

Marvellous NEW way of COOKING and a FREE RECIPE BOOK

WHAT could be easier than to place the whole meal in the oven—joint, vegetables and sweet—and forget all about it until it's time for it to come out again! This is what is offered by cooking the "Regulo" way, incorporated in all the latest "New World" Gas Cookers, the most efficient and elegant cooker for the kitchen. Get particulars at once of this amazing way of cooking and a free Recipe Book which provides many helpful suggestions. Simply write, mentioning "John Bull," to Radiation, Ltd. (Dept. S 24/9), 264, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4, or, better still, fill in the Coupon on page 23.

THERE'S a gap in the ranks of the workers lined up to receive their hard-earned pay. Brown is missing. He has been laid up with measles for the past fortnight.

What a good thing, then, that Brown was far-sighted enough to sign the registration forms for "JOHN BULL'S" Great Free Family Insurance Gift! What a load will be lifted off his wife's mind! With the substantial cheque that "John Bull" will send, she will be able to pay the doctor's bill and give her man all the extra nourishment and good things he will need.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

Under its Great Free Family Insurance Gift "John Bull" provides Benefits for Sickness as specified, including measles. "John Bull" is the only paper in the world to pay Sickness Benefit.

In addition, "John Bull" is the *only paper in the world* to safeguard readers' household effects against damage by *Fire, Storm, Flood* and *Tempest.*

Other features of "JOHN BULL'S" Free Family Insurance Gift include Benefits for Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, while Boating and Bathing, Children's Accidents and many other risks.

£595 PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone, "John Bull" distributed no less than £595 18s. 6d. to registered readers or their dependants, as follows:—

Household & Sickness Benefits	£264	18	6
Accident Benefits—Adults	£116	0	0
Children's Accidents	£215	0	0
	£595	18	6

GRATEFUL READERS.

Here is an extract from a letter typical of the many received by "John Bull" every week.

"Many thanks for cheque received, which will be a nice help to replace the loss we sustained by our recent fire. The civility of your Representative is also deserving of praise."

J. G., Burnley, Lancs.

HOLIDAY CONCESSION.

Registered readers of "John Bull" will continue to enjoy the full protection of "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday anywhere in the British Isles.

In the event of a claim arising, they will be required to show that they bought "John Bull" while away and that, before leaving home, they instructed their newsagent to resume regular delivery on their return.

If you have not yet registered for this unique Security Gift, do so NOW on the Forms on page 16. Use these Forms TO-DAY!

SIGN FOR SECURITY ON THE FORMS ON PAGE 16

This luxurious Easy Chair

delivered to your home for

5/- WITH ORDER

Five shillings with order—that is all you need to have the *Berkeley* Superlax delivered free to your home. Comfort, luxury and beauty that will last for years.

This big, luxuriously upholstered Easy Chair is cleverly designed to suit everyone—tall or short. The self-adjusting action enables you to change to any position, from upright to lounging, without having to leave the chair. You can knit, sew, read or relax at length in the utmost comfort.

The *Berkeley* Superlax is a masterpiece of VALUE. This is only made possible by the enormous output from the great *Berkeley* factories and direct selling to the public.

See the models of BERKELEY Upholstery and wide range of coverings before deciding upon your furnishing scheme. Tear out Coupon NOW!

SPECIFICATION: Best Birchwood Frame. Arms re-designed—rounded and thickly padded. New and "billowed" back, deeply sprung. Seat, rounded front and springs set deeper than before. Seat and arms ALL HAIR STUFFED. An attractive and exclusive range of durable Coverings. Back and Seat easily removable for cleaning. Strong concealed castors. The frame, hair padding, springs, etc., are all produced from the raw materials in our own factories, which is a positive guarantee of Comfort, Reliability and Value. *Fully Patented and Regd. Design.*

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CASH PRICE
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Distinctive tyres for distinguished service

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Concluding "Underground Man"

HAVE I ESCAPED?

Reginald Garbutt, Englishman turned Nazi spy, disappeared to start a new life the day after this last instalment of his amazing confession was written. He has told how the Gestapo trapped him. Now he explains how he crawled from the Brown Spider's Web only to find himself haunted with the dread that one day his punishment will come

"GARBUTT . . . Garbutt . . . G-a-r-b-u-t-t!"

The scene was Brussels railway station. A young messenger was rushing up and down the platform shouting my name.

The time was 24 hours or so after the Gestapo had told me that in future they wanted me to work against Britain and France, and I had made up my mind never to obey their orders again.

Was it any wonder that I didn't rush forward to get any message intended for me. I was trying to get back to England by a roundabout route to ensure that I wasn't being followed.

Perhaps it was a ruse to get me to declare myself on a public railway station, so that I could be shadowed from that moment on.

So I let the lad finish his shouting and then went along later to collect my message.

It was very brief. Nothing to be afraid of. Would I be *kind* enough to go to the German Legation—that's all

Afraid as I was of German agents in their own country, I was not scared of German diplomats on Belgian soil.

I saw a secretary. "Mr. Garbutt, I understand that you are taking back to England certain papers that are not strictly yours and which we cannot afford to lose," he said.

"I have letters from certain British and Czech firms," I said, "but they are letters addressed by those firms to me personally."

"My instructions are," he continued, firmly, "that these are papers belonging to the German Government."

So I asked him what he was hoping I should do with them, and he told me: "For preference, I would have you take them personally to Herr Hacker, whose address in Cologne I will give you, but, if you are determined to leave for England, I would request you to hand them to me."

I took Herr Hacker's address in the Salier Ring, told the secretary that the papers in question were in my luggage at the station, but that I would immediately take them on to Cologne with me, and then, refusing an escort, returned to the station.

But I didn't go to Cologne. I jumped on the Ostend train—for London.

Such was my fear as I walked the streets of London that I wouldn't have been surprised overmuch if somebody had dug a revolver in my ribs.

But there was to be nothing like that. Not until I had been back four days did I hear anything, and then; once again, it was in the shape of a letter to Charing Cross post office.

It contained five £1 notes and a brief typed note, obviously from the legation in Brussels: "It was a pity you didn't take the papers to Cologne, as you promised. You have nothing to fear. Can I prevail on you now to go over to see Herr Hacker at Salier Ring, taking all the papers?"

Well, I decided to go. You might wonder why, seeing that I confess myself to have been in a state of jitters.

FOR one thing, the letter seemed disarming. For another, I was completely out of money apart from the £5 forwarded to me, and saw no means of getting more without Nazi help.

Then again, I had at hand a new friend in whom I had confided; and who promised to communicate with the British authorities, giving the address in Cologne to which I had gone, if he didn't hear from me within 24 hours.

I took train from Liverpool Street—put my suitcase on the rack.

AND, LEAVING THE CARRIAGE FOR A FEW MINUTES JUST AFTER THE TRAIN HAD STARTED, I WAS ANGERED AND ASTOUNDED TO FIND IT HAD DISAPPEARED.

I told the officials on the train. A carriage-to-carriage search was carried out, in vain.

And then, at Harwich, an extraordinary thing happened.

A railway porter came to me on the quay and asked me whether I was Mr. Garbutt, told me that my luggage had been found. It was on the rack from which it had been taken.

Even more mysterious was the fact that not a document or object of any kind had been taken from it.

At length—Cologne. Herr Hacker appeared to be a most agreeable young fellow. He took the documents from me with warm and obvious gratitude.

Then, still smilingly genial: "You really must go to Magdeburg," he said.

I told him No!—that the Gestapo officials there wanted me to take part in activities against Britain and France.

"Economic activities," he corrected. "Nothing very warlike."

But when I still insisted, he asked me whether I would stay at Cologne for a time as his guest.

Every day I went to see Herr Hacker and hear more and more reasons why I should go to Magdeburg.

A DAY came at length, however, when Hacker ceased to smile. "Garbutt," he said, "look at this."

I felt almost sick as I read the note he extended to me. It was a copy of a report by a German agent in London on everything I had done in London during my last stay.

There was Herr Hacker, white with anger now, pointing a finger at the note and telling me in explosive language that I was a double-crosser.

"Yet you want me to go to Magdeburg?" I asked him.

"Yes, and you will go to Magdeburg," he said. "You will go there because we can let your own authorities know so much about you if you don't go there. And there'll be no treachery from you because we know too much about you."

Instead, I slipped out of the Hotel Eden one night and, before word could have reached Hacker, was over the frontier.

Back in London I had one more message from the Gestapo.

It contained £50 in English notes. And inside was the message: "Find enclosed forty pounds." Not a word more.

The wrong amount—a mistake no doubt. But what was the meaning of so big a sum and so small a message?

I believe that this was Gestapo's last big threat.

On the envelope was a big Swastika. That, I believe, was intended to have a frightening effect on me. From what I know of German psychology, it was a typical German way of saying:

"I have let you see me as the renegade I have been. Now Himmler and his Gestapo have found other Garbutts . . . always I am expecting that next time I shall be the victim"

"Wherever you go, whatever you do, you can never get far from us."

Some months have gone since I got that letter.

During those months I have hidden myself away in a tiny room. Always, I am expecting that the hand of Gestapo will show itself again, and that this time it will seek me as a victim.

There are still anti-German "incidents," carefully planned to give Hitler a chance to set his troops marching again. But not in Czechoslovakia. Not Jugoslavia and Poland now.

And Herr Himmler has found other Garbutts to do his dirty work.

And—well, that's that.

I have let you see me as the traitor and renegade that I have been, and you can't expect to get your sympathy with my last few words.

You won't even want my good-bye.

Yet there is one thing I would like the Editor of JOHN BULL to say on my behalf. I have asked him to say it, but he has made no promise.

That request shall be the last word in my confession.

REGINALD GEORGE PATRICK GARBUTT.

THE REQUEST THAT GARBUTT HAS MADE OF ME IS:—

I SHOULD INFORM JOHN BULL READERS THAT, AT HIS OWN DESIRE, HE HAS ACCEPTED FROM JOHN BULL AS PAYMENT FOR THESE ARTICLES A SUM THAT REPRESENTS A MERE FRACTION OF WHAT WOULD BE OUR NORMAL PAYMENT.

I WOULD ADD — WITHOUT MAKING A SINGLE EXCUSE FOR HIS CONDUCT—THAT HE HAS REFUSED TO ACCEPT A PENNY MORE THAN THE CHEAPEST FARE TO A COUNTRY WHERE, HE SAYS, HE INTENDS TO BEGIN LIFE AFRESH UNDER A NEW NAME.—The Editor.

THE HAPPY ENDING

"CHEER up, Fred, you'll be on your holidays this time next week," said one of the workmen at the warehouse.

But Fred did not feel cheerful. "It's one of those summer colds," he told his workmates, "and my throat seems as if it's on fire."

Six o'clock and time for home. Fred called at the chemist's on the way to get some aspirins. He would be all right in the morning, he thought.

But he wasn't. At 9.30 next morning he was in an ambulance on the way to hospital. That sore throat had been the beginning of diphtheria. . . .

Later, when Fred's wife came to see him, she brought good news. News that hastened his recovery. For he had signed a coupon cut from their copy of JOHN BULL some time before, which qualified them both for the protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme.

The cheque from JOHN BULL would cover some of the lost wages or buy the extra food and comforts he needed during convalescence.

The happy ending to this story depended on a coupon. There is a similar coupon on page 16 of this week's issue. Turn to it right away, fill it up, post it and secure the protection JOHN BULL offers its registered readers.

SCIATICA

Hospital Sister's happy hint

The friendly advice of a Sister on holiday in Cornwall has been instrumental in ending a year's racking pain for Mrs. Moore of Truro. And, it has given her new health and slimness!

"For a year I suffered great pain with Sciatica," writes Mrs. Moore, "and I tried everything but had no relief. Then I met a London hospital Sister, and mentioned my Sciatica to her. She said 'Try Fynnon Salt.' After four tins I could trot about like a 2-year-old. I am in the fifties but thanks to Fynnon Salt I am fairly slim. In fact, people tell me I have a young figure!"

Take a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water every morning—it gives you the benefit of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, chief elements of the curative Spa Waters. These elements refresh the whole inner system, rinsing away cruel Rheumatic acids and sluggish, fat-forming poisons, and giving you a new lease of buoyant health. To preserve this health, make Fynnon *a regular daily habit.* Large tins 1/3, from all Chemists.

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SECCOTINE
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Say SECCOTINE—see you get it—don't accept substitutes. Only SECCOTINE will do that making or repairing job perfectly, without mess or bother. Tests have proved it TWICE AS STRONG as others!

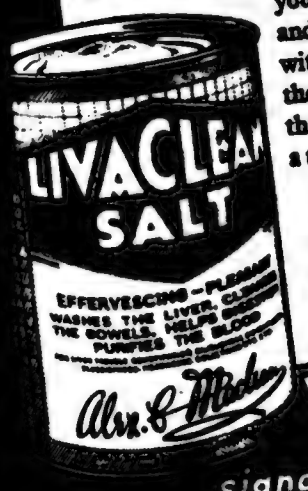
In pin-stopper tubes, 4½d., 6d. & 9d. everywhere.

Sole Proprietors: M'CAW, STEVENSON & ORR, LTD., BELFAST.

The Double Strength Adhesive

IT KEEPS MY LIVER LIVELY
IT KEEPS MY LIVER KEEN
I TAKE IT EVERY MORNING
IT'S GRAND, THIS
"LIVACLEAN"

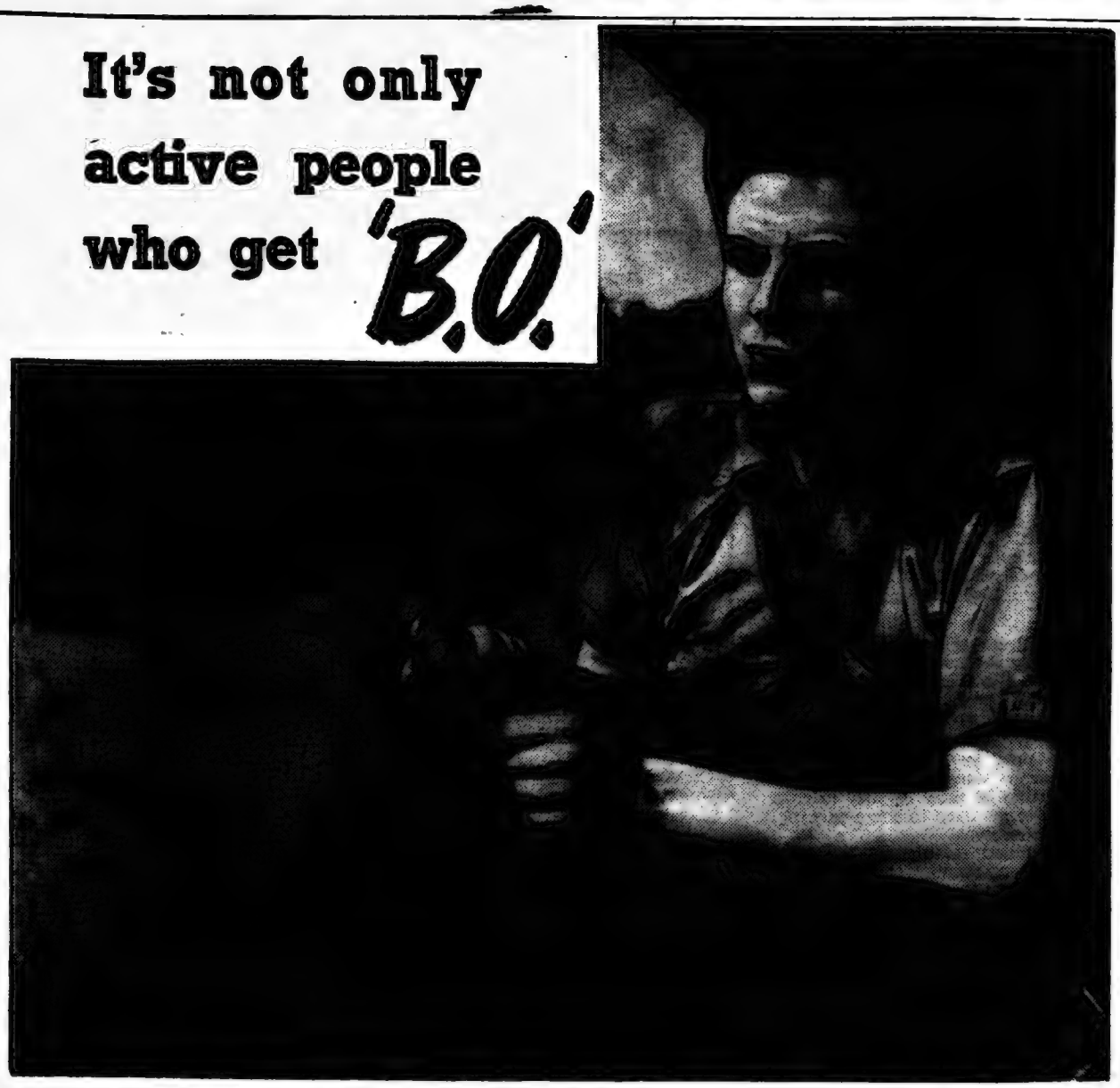
A clear complexion and sparkling eyes are the better part of beauty. Recapture and retain them by drinking a refreshing, bubbling glass of "Livaclean" Salt each morning! It livens your liver, purifies your blood, and fills you with energy the whole day through. Get a tin to-day.



Price 9d. per tin. Double size economy tin 1/4.

see the signature
IT'S MADE BY MACLEANS

It's not only active people who get 'B.O.'



Not biting to-day, old man?—yet you're still enough for 'em to come eating out of your hand! But even as you sit quietly there you are perspiring—it's a natural function necessary to life.

Doctors say that everyone perspires as much as 1½ pints a day, so you see how necessary it is to keep the skin pores free. If they become clogged with waste matter Body-Odour is certain.

Lifebuoy Toilet Soap is your safeguard. There's a special antiseptic health element in its lather. This lather penetrates deep into the skin pores, removing all traces of perspiration—leaving the skin *safe* from Body-Odour.

Use Lifebuoy Toilet Soap regularly—for the protection it gives.

About 1½ pints of perspiration

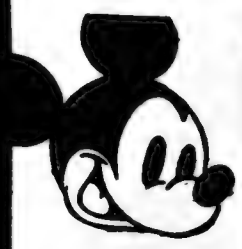
are expelled from the average person's system daily. This fact is vouched for by medical authorities. They tell us that this perspiration does not evaporate entirely, a residue is always left in the pores, becoming stale, with a noticeable odour in 24 hours. This stale perspiration makes Body-Odour certain. Yet 'B.O.' is so easy to prevent if you make a habit of a daily bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap.

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

prevents **"B.O."** *(body-odour)*

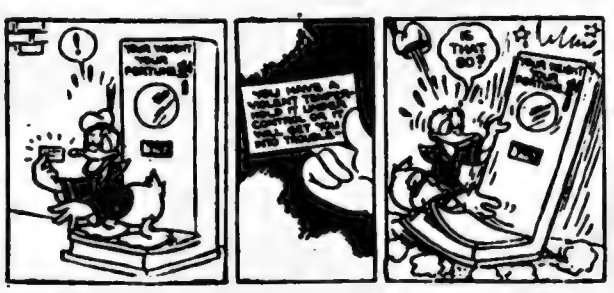
A *LEVER* PRODUCT

LBT 426 304-68



Grand Disney Fun for the Whole Family!

You'll meet Mickey, Minnie, Donald, Goofy, Pluto and the whole Walt Disney Gang in "Mickey Mouse Weekly," OUT NOW! It's a wonder twopennyworth—big, jolly pages packed with picture-stories, yarns, jokes—providing fun for all the family. Hurry for your copy NOW!


YOU HAVE A WEIGHT THING AGAINST IT, DON'T YOU? GET YOU INTO TROUBLE
IS THAT SO?
YOU HAVE A WEIGHT THING AGAINST EVERY ONE YOU LOVE

Distressing PILES

Ended By Famous Ointment

ESCAPE the torment of piles by using Zam-Buk. This world-famed herbal ointment is renowned for soothing and healing. It reduces pain, swelling and inflammation, checks the bleeding and causes the piles gradually to disappear. Don't suffer a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk and use according to the printed directions.

"I contracted piles during the war. The pain became so severe I used to work and walk about in great discomfort. But Zam-Buk gave me immediate relief and as I continued with this grand treatment the piles gradually disappeared until I was free from them."—Mr. J. H. P., London.

Zam-Buk Brand

Healing Soothing Antiseptic

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

FOR INWARD PILES

WE BRIEF THE "TRAMPS' K.C."

NEXT week JOHN BULL will contain a surprising article, first of a series, written by Mr. William Gape, the "Tramps' K.C."

He will plead for the better understanding of what he proves to be one of the biggest social problems and scandals of the time—one about which the ordinary citizen knows practically nothing. Because those who are its victims must be mute under the constant fear of reprisals by the petty officials who govern their lives.

They are the half-million wayfarers who daily drift about Britain—harried and hounded by a pitiless vagrancy system which has scarcely changed at all for the better in 300 years.

* * *

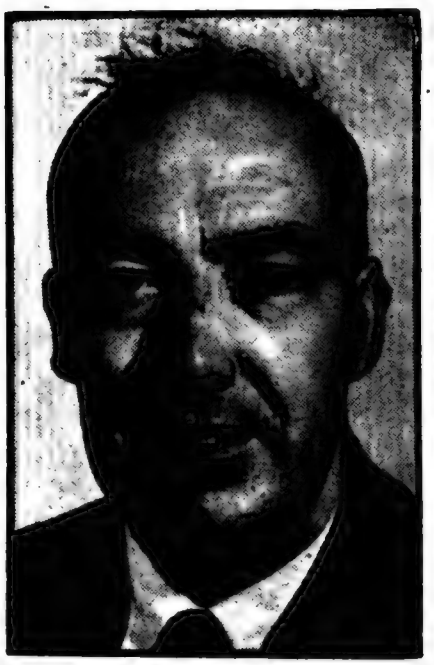
To-day, these legions of wanderers are no longer the waifs of society who once sought the freedom of the road because they preferred begging and laziness to work and orderly life.

The tragedy is that almost all the hoboes are now men who have been broken in recent years on the industrial machine—men who pray nightly in vain for a chance to get back to wage-earning, a home and decency.

They are foiled mainly by a set of people and circumstances to be exposed by Mr. Gape in a narrative which should startle the complacent and shame the conscience of those responsible.

Mr. Gape, versed in the law and without fear of official vengeance, is the only public champion of the present-day type of tramp.

This month he will have been on the road continuously for 25 years. There is not a casual ward in the country which he has not visited many times.



Mr. William Gape

On seven occasions he has gone to prison because he dared to defy Authority when he found it dealing more harshly and unjustly than usual with the most helpless section of the community.

He was only fourteen when he took to the highway. He ran away from a wealthy home after he had qualified for entrance to Harrow.

When Whitehall luminaries want to get first-hand evidence or news about the administration of the poor law service they often send for Gape.

Their summons passes from tramp to tramp over the countryside until it reaches their "K.C."

* * *

Although he never possesses more than a shilling, he is an editor and publisher. Periodically, when a Fellowship of the Road which he has founded has sufficient funds, he produces a printed journal with the title the *Tramps' Telegraph*.

Scores of magistrates have paid public tribute to Gape when he has appeared in the courts to defend a cause or some brother-hobo.

Judges of the High Court have entertained him to tea to hear the inner truth. Cabinet Ministers receive him in their rooms at the Houses of Parliament.

Although his story is full of incident and colour, it has a serious purpose—the ending of an almost unknown evil that is ever worsening in our midst.

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Not from the B.B.C.

Lovely young Potato Girls, smart and up to date

Potato Peaches

Sing a song of murphies,
Sing a hymn of eight
Lovely young Potato Girls,
Smart and up to date.

Look at their complexions,
Stare hard at each face,
Note their shapely figures,
Slim and full of grace.

Cheeks of milk and roses,
Mouths like op'ning buds—
Ask their beauty secret,
And they'll answer "Spuds!"

ALTHOUGH for long we may have suspected that some of those placed in authority above us are potato-headed, we have not, as a nation, become, so to speak, murphy-minded. But it won't be the fault of the Potato Eight if this is not quickly rectified.

In an effort to plant the home-grown spud in our affections, these hand-picked lovelies—who, we are asked to believe, owe their schoolgirl complexions and streamlined torsoes solely to *pommes de terre*—are being sent on a tour of seaside resorts.

So any day, Henry, when sprawling on the beach, a prey to pessimism and the after effects of "Seaview" ragout and charcoal pudding, you may be cheered by the sight of *les girls* in "white satin blouses and black shorts" doing "exercises in rhythm and a spectacular ribbon dance."

Whether this will cause you, when you return to "Seaview," to demand of the empress of that establishment that she will for the rest of your stay provide potatoes cooked in the sixteen different ways which the Sauté Sisters are supposed to advertise, remains to be seen.

But it is hoped that the contours of the Murphy Maidens will at least convince Mrs. Henry that eating spuds is the quickest way of acquiring the sort of figure that sends film producers reaching for their cheque-books and blondes for their bathing brassieres.

I do like to be beside the seaside,
I feel "off the chain" beside the sea.
And it gives me quite a thrill
When a glad eye says "I will,"
In answer to a signal sent by me.

But don't now assume, when by the seaside,
You've clicked, or your hopes may soon be dashed
When your blonde, in accents sweet,
Tells you what you ought to eat—
And you find it's a Potato Girl you've "mashed"!

Y. Z.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Best for 20 Years

ALTHOUGH it is in the nature of a "busman's holiday," I always enjoy my brief week-end trip to Paris to see the Grand Prix.

Twelve months ago I saw Nearco win the Grand Prix. This time another son of Pharos, M. Boussac's colt, Pharis, won in equally impressive style from a proven stayer in Tricameron, with our hope, Hypnotist, well down the course.

The race is run over a mile and seven furlongs—a furlong longer than our St. Leger—and it was run at a rattling good pace. All being well, Pharis is coming over to oppose Blue Peter, Fox Cub, Heliopolis and company in the Doncaster classic on September 6.

After that race we should know for certain which is the best three-year-old in the world—and a very good best, too.

If Blue Peter can beat Pharis over the St. Leger distance I shall have no hesitation in writing him down as the best horse we have seen for twenty years—and I'm not forgetting Bahram or any other post-war celebrity.

In the meantime Blue Peter is to contest the valuable Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park on July 14. This will not be easy money for Lord Rosebery's champion, but I cannot visualise any in the field taking down his number.

Scottish Union, the best four-year-old in training over the distance, may have had his speed blunted a little by his Ascot Gold Cup bid.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 6, to Wednesday, July 12

H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W N 96 G E D V
Q C 93 B A K X U Z R 98 T F 94 M P

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: GSWK97JQ94 would read FAROUCHE. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. JSWM93G2 would read CARDIFF.

Regain YOUTH and VITALITY

Men and women can safely and surely restore their Health and Strength by taking PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast. This gives New Life and Vigour to all, and when taken regularly, the effects are most remarkable. Besides increasing your vitality in a wonderful degree, various ailments such as Indigestion, "Nerves," Neuritis and Rheumatism are quickly banished. Take PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast regularly—you'll really feel TWICE AS FIT and YEARS YOUNGER.

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast contains the whole series of the life-giving B-Vitamins in rich abundance. Besides increasing the Nutritive Value of your food, these Vitamins stimulate Glandular activity in Nature's Own Way. PHILLIPS is perfectly safe for all ages and *not habit-forming*.

All Chemists 1/3, 3/-, 5/- Vest-pocket size . . 6d.

Contains NO DRUG

Phillips TONIC YEAST Rich in VITAMIN B

PILES!

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take Dr Willis Brand Little Lassitude Pills. Price 1/-

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS. MAKE money, sell again. Ladies' Gent's & Children's Bargains in Drapery, Silk Stockings, Hankies, Socks, Neckties, etc. Catalogue & Guide free, worth pounds.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 asstd. articles 19/-. 48 cups, 6 ers. 4/-. Glass & Hardware Dinner Set Free. Cat & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

HOSIERY, Underwear, Overalls, Haberdashery, Manchester, etc. Everything for the Retailer. Trade's lowest prices. Small quantities supplied. Send for Catlgs.—Archer's, Castle Gate, Nott'm.

DRAPERS.—112-p Illus Spring Catlg. Post Free. Covers all depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest selection of perfect goods at keenest prices. Satis. Gntd. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co. (L & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity Street, Leeds.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A, 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.

SELL direct from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers, Traders and Beginners should write to Dept. J.B., The Houndsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS to Sell, every kind, for Spare-time Agent and Shopkeeper. 144-page Catalogue free.—MAY (125), BIRMINGHAM

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

AGENTS Wanted.—Eatonian Xmas Club. Free Gift every Agent. Highest Comm. No outlay. Chocs., Fancy Goods, Drapery, Toys, Cigs., etc. Wines for Agents. Send for Catalogue and particulars.—Eatons, (Dept. 28), Wortley, Leeds, 12.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS. Highest Commission. Free gift. Big Cash prizes. Cat. free. J. TATE, 28, NEVILLE STREET, LEEDS, 1.

XMAS Club Agents wanted. Chocs., Cigs., etc Prompt service. Comm. not reduced. Parties. Free.—Garratt, Stockley Street, Northampton.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS should write for details of best Commission offer yet made.—Brigonia, 99B, East Parade, Bradford.

XMAS CLUBS. HIGHEST COMMISSION IN TRADE. Cadbury, Terry, Rowntree, Players, Wills, etc Huge range Toys, Fancy Goods, XMAS GIFT every Agent. BIG CASH BONUS. S.C. brings Wonderful Catlg. & Comm. Terms —Midland Confectionery (Dept. 43), Shipley.

XMAS Club Agents Wanted. Highest Comm. Square Deal Guaranteed.—Write for 208-page Cat. Terms, Free Gifts.—Humberside Supply Co., Ltd. (Dept. 60), Wright Street, Hull.

AGENTS.—£5,000 IN FREE GIFTS. GREAT OPENING OFFER TO ALL XMAS CLUB AGENTS. FREE BOTTLE OF PORT OR SHERRY, POOLWINNER AND PROPELLING PENCIL TO ALL ENQUIRERS. MORRIS'S XMAS CLUB (J.), 55, WELL STREET, BRADFORD, YORKS.

XMAS AGENTS. Reserve now the finest 1939 Outfit. Chocs., Toys, Cigs., Footwear, Drapery, Fancy Goods. Tip-top Comm. Finest quality goods. Free gifts. Big Cash Prizes. N.A.C.C.O. guarantee. Marvel Gift Club (N.), Thorpe, nr. Wakefield.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS, see our Unbeatable terms before deciding. Best Gift offer YOUR CHOOSING. Prizes. Satis. Gntd. Gift NOW every applicant.—EMBASSY (Dept. 9), Brighouse.

CASH Comm., 2/- to 7/6 in the £. Every Agent Beautiful Tea Set Free, Xmas Club Agents wtd. Dennis & Co. (Dept. J.), Colne, Lancs.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Famous "MISTLETOE" SERIES. Agents wanted, either sex. Biggest Commission offered. Also prizes. Book free.—OWEN'S, 6, Chapel St., Bradford.

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS wanted for the oldest, largest and best club. Now catalogue now ready. Over 1,000 articles. No outlay. Excellent commission. Free gift to every applicant for parties.—SAMUEL DRIVER, LTD., MARSHALL ST., LEEDS.

EMPLOYMENT.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.

Men are now accepted for training as ARMOURERS, WIRELESS OPERATORS, FLIGHT/MECHANICS and FLIGHT/RIGGERS, MEDICAL AIRMEN, EQUIPMENT ASSISTANTS, TELEPRINTER OPERATORS, etc. Age limits, 17½-25.

There are also vacancies for skilled men in the following trades:—FITTERS, MOTOR DRIVERS, COOKS and BUTCHERS, CLERKS.

Apply at any Post Office for copy of free booklet or at the R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Victory House, Kingsway London, W.C.2.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 13s. per week. Age 19-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance Exam. from R.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 17-19, Stratford Place, LONDON, W.1.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Excellent pay and prospects with pension. No exp. req. FREE details of vacancies and preparation therefor apply, Chambers College (Dept. 819), 239, High Holborn, W.C.1.

POLICEMEN WANTED URGENTLY in all parts of the country. Excellent pay, prospects and pensions. Ages 19-26. No experience. Full details of easy Entrance write, R.T.I. (Dept. 356), Oxford Street, London, W.1.

DRAUGHTSMEN. — Numerous vacancies available in Electrical, Mechanical, Aeronautical and other branches of Engineering; Building; G.P.O., etc. for men age 17-46. Exp. unnecessary if willing to learn. Details of openings, prospects, etc., FREE from R.I.E. (Dept. 323), Staple Inn Buildings, W.C.1.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE 10s. per line.

A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 10s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London.—W.C.2

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged under 21. Commencing pay, £3 6s. The Entrance Exam is not difficult.—For full details apply to R.T.I. (Dept. 861), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES. — Both sexes—aged 15 to 23—no experience.—For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply R.T.I. (Dept 531) 356, Oxford Street, LONDON W.1.

ENJOY the comfort and contentment of a Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair, which can be changed to a variety of positions to suit your individual comfort. 5/- down brings it to your home. Write for free catalogue for full details of this and other models of Berkeley Upholstery, which will be sent post free, together with a complete range of coverings, to H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 70/78, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1, or fill in the coupon on page 31.

Sweet, kissable little babies, aren't they? .... AREN'T THEY? Oh, so it's the nurse you're looking at! Well, in either case you'll get a better reception if you've shaved with Lever's Easy.

Ordinary quick-drying lathers leave part of the face rough, for they are apt to dry up before you've finished shaving. The blade has to hack its way through the stiffening bristles — which is painful, as you know.

But Lever's Easy keeps the beard soft *all through the shave*, for it *stays* moist. Easy's rich, refreshing lather lets the blade pass quickly over the skin — very closely and very smoothly. Nice work — with Easy!

E 267-172-66 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams. for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to R.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 82, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills from 2d. per roll. 250 patterns post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

2/6 DOWN secures Real Silvered Fur Tie. Fill in the coupon in the Garden advertisement on page 36 for free catalogue.

GARDENING.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., made from genuine Red Cedar. Will not warp, crack or shrink. Beautiful appearance. From 21/6, or 2/- down. FREE DELIVERY. Send for FREE illustrated Catalogue.—R. H. Hall & Co (Kent.) Ltd., 20, Paddock Wood, Kent

GARDENING JOBS IN JULY—Staking flowers, sowing violas; pruning shrubs; tending the rockery; in the orchard—in all you have to do in your garden this month follow the expert advice of Richard Sudell in the July issue of "Gardening." In the 100 pages of this beautiful Gardening Magazine you will find no fewer than 29 interesting and helpful features all written in an easy, natural, "over-the-garden fence" style. Don't miss: Enjoying a Leisure Week-end; Growing Hardy Orchids; A Rock Garden Gem; Border Carnations; Water Gardens; Flower Decorations; Garden Planning, etc., etc. "Gardening" shows you how to get the best results and the greatest enjoyment out of your garden. Get your copy of the July number to-day—on sale everywhere—6d.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

HAVE YOU TRIED SELLING BY POST?

RETAILERS & SMALL TRADERS who have never explored the great Mail Order Field will do well to enquire all about THIS MODERN METHOD OF TRADING.

FREE ADVICE & INITIAL HELP GIVEN BY EXPERTS. No matter whether you be Tailor, Jeweller, Draper or sell Boots & Shoes, Furniture, Household Goods, or indeed anything. By advertising in *John Bull's* "Shop Window" your Bargain Offers can be quickly brought before MILLIONS OF PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMERS. As an instance, a single advertisement brought one advertizer NO LESS THAN 3,000 REPLIES. Why not share in this big business? Write on business letter-heading for full particulars of free advertising service to:—The Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Department, *John Bull*, 57/59, Long Acre, LONDON, W.C.2.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

DO YOU KEEP CHICKENS? Here's splendid news for all poultry keepers . . . a unique opportunity not to be missed. To-day the Poultry Keeper's Advisory Bureau and Clinic invites you, whether you keep a few fowls in the backyard or farm on an extensive scale, to participate in a great new money-saving plan that will be worth POUNDS Thousands of men and women interested in keeping poultry are already benefiting by this great idea—make sure you have details immediately by sending a postcard for particulars to:—Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic. Dept. J.B.34, 63, Long Acre, London W.C.2.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd (J.B.), 21 Warwick Lane E.C.4.

A SAFE and certain way to cure Headache is to take CEPHOS, the Physicians' Remedy. Single dose Tablets or Powder 2d. Send p.c. for FREE SAMPLE.
CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy, pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (530Y), 80, Chancery Lane London W.C.2.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details. — Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists, or by post, 5½d. and 9½d.
RANKIN & CO., Dept. "O," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

A WONDERFUL New Rupture Appliance scientifically made. Sufferers should write to the London Surgical Co. (Dept. B.87), Craven House, 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, for full particulars.

If you suffer from Catarrh, don't overlook the Nostroline advert. on page 26, in which a free sample can be obtained for a trial.

FREE to sufferers from bad legs and all circulatory troubles. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Elasto (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., for free sample of Elasto, the bio-medical remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet fully explaining the Elasto treatment. Send now, while you think of it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IF you suffer with influenza, colds or fevers, send for a free copy of "Everybody's Doctor" to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, Isle of Wight. Mention *John Bull* when writing. See page 27.

THOUSANDS of women have maintained their health and strength by wearing a Spencer Maternity Belt.—Write, mentioning *Bull John*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Maternity Booklet and name of nearest local Corsetiere.

HERE'S good news for housewives. Kellogg's Corn Flakes—so delicious, so crisp and fresh that you just can't resist them—have now been reduced to 8d. a packet. If you have not yet tried this 30-second breakfast, get a packet from your grocer to-day. See page 14.

FREE. A beautiful art-ivory case in which to keep your Gibbs Solid Dentifrice. All you have to do is to buy a 9d. refill of Gibbs Solid Dentifrice (reduced from 11d.) and with it you will get a lovely art-ivory case. This is a special holiday offer, so accept it to-day. See page 29.

ACCEPT this FREE double offer. You can get a trial bottle of Vaseline Hair Tonic and also a Vaseline Shapeless Shampoo if you write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. J.B.39, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. Simply enclose 2d. stamp to cover postage. Send at once for this perfect combination to improve your hair. See page 27.

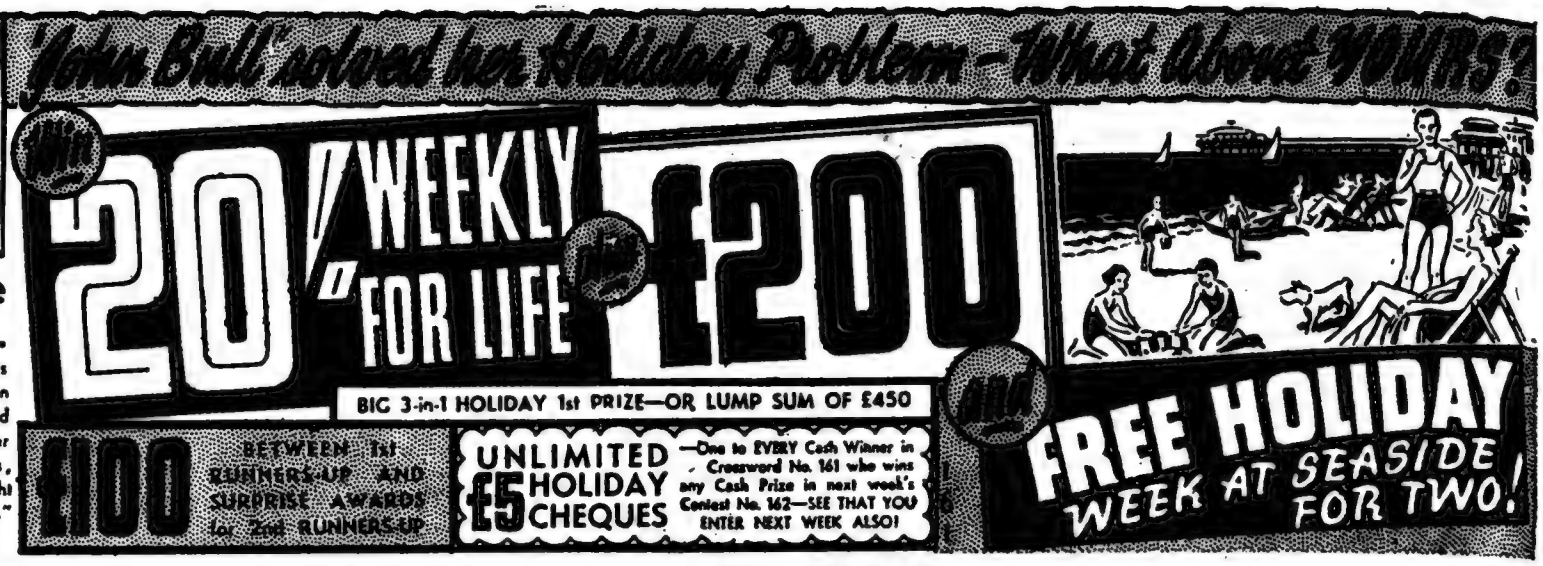
HERE'S a unique opportunity for every *John Bull* reader to try—and enjoy Weetabix—the new cereal food—free of charge. All you have to do is write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Weetabix, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.7), Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Northants, enclosing 1½d. stamp for a generous sample.

BE FIT, FEEL FIT AND KEEP FIT! Be a superman! You can do it easily by filling in the coupon on page 8 and obtaining full particulars of the "World Beater" course of home training for the small sum of 1/- per week. Apparatus is sent free. Pupils can participate for valuable cash prizes which are being awarded month by month on progress reported. Act at once. Turn to the offer on pages 4 and 5 and send for full particulars by filling in and sending the coupon.

FREE.—A Recipe Book and particulars of "Regulo" oven heat control and new features for still better cooking. A choice of delightful colours makes the latest "New World" the most efficient and elegant Cooker for the modern kitchen. Fill in the coupon on page 33, or write, mentioning John Bull, to Radiation, Ltd. (Dept. 324/9), 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4. Full details of this method of Regulo cooking and free Recipe Book will be sent by return.

She chose DEVON...

This very week a glorious FREE SEASIDE HOLIDAY in Devonshire is being enjoyed by Mrs. Massey and her husband, of Nelson, Lancs., celebrating her outright success in "John Bull's" Crossword.


"John Bull" solved her Holiday Problem—What About YOURS?
£20 WEEKLY FOR LIFE
£200
BIG 3-in-1 HOLIDAY 1st PRIZE—OR LUMP SUM OF £450
£100 BETWEEN 1st RUNNER-UP AND SURPRISE AWARDS to 2nd RUNNER-UP
UNLIMITED £5 HOLIDAY CHEQUES
—One to EVERY Cash Winner in Crossword No. 161 who wins any Cash Prize in next week's Contest No. 162—SEE THAT YOU ENTER NEXT WEEK ALSO!
FREE HOLIDAY
WEEK AT SEASIDE FOR TWO!

READ THESE RULES.

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), and bear POSTMARK of not later than Friday, July 14, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Saturday, July 15.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 6 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 27. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, August 1 in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £450 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 16.

£300 AND SEASIDE HOLIDAY FREE!

Each sender of Crossword entry value 1s. or over is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Free Cash-plus-Holiday Prize Offer. Coupons on page 39. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.

ACROSS CLUES

1. Father has to give uncontrollable youngster this
2. There may be an enquiry when one runs down another
7. For racing crack to be this on track is unusual
8. Good harness maker's should be fairly reliable
11. One usually hears quite a lot at seaside town
13. Stalk of plant
14. No man likes the reputation of being one
15. Might make it difficult to hold your head up
19. Travel by aeroplane
20. May be the kind which is simple to cook
21. There's sometimes a picture in it

DOWN CLUES

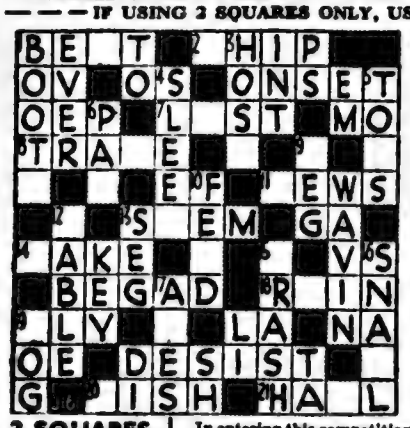
1. There's trouble when one is sacked
3. May be artificial but appear genuine
4. Rain mingled with snow
5. What some hikers carry on their backs
6. You wouldn't expect this to be very big for frying fish
9. People sometimes order soda in one
10. It's rather foolish to start one with a quarrel
12. Tiles are occasionally used for
15. They usually have a lot of this in cheap drapery stores
16. Sensible person isn't likely to be upset by one
17. Those one sees in circus are well trained for that work
18. Thick mist

☞ Turn to page 38 for the NEW HELP for 'CROSSWORDERS'

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 161. Closing Postmark Friday, July 14, 1939

IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



2 SQUARES 6d. 4 SQUARES 1s.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed ..... P.O. value .....

Address ..... No. .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 161, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

4 BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 158

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 158, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following four competitors:—

Mrs. W. HARRISON, 2, Tyne Vue, Kells Lane, Low Fell, Gateshead, 9.
Mrs. HYDE, Bylebis College, Pembridge, nr. Leominster.
J. G. MILNE, c/o Nightingale, 5, Charlotte Place, Perth, N.B.
A. J. PRESCOTT, 6, Clare Road, Cambridge.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £300, and a cheque for £125 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, July 11, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 102 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive 12s 8d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

£5 Holiday Boxes will be sent to every cash winner in Contest No. 156 who also secures a cash prize in Crossword No. 154.

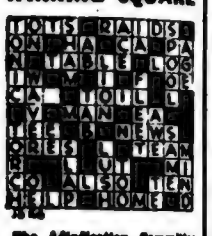
A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 762 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. TOTE. 3. RAIDS. 5. TABLE. 7. LOG. 10. CAM, CAN or CAP. 11. TOIL. 13. MAN. 14. NEWS. 19. TEN. 20. SELF. 21. HOME.

DOWN.—1. TONIC. 2. SHAM. 4. SPOOL. 6. LION. 8. WAVER. 9. FLEET. 11. TAR. 12. TORCH. 15. SAME. 18. SLAP. 17. LOCK. 18. MIND.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point CAM, CAN and CAP were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

"CUT ROUND BROKEN LINES"

FOR FREE X-WORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON.

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here	Affix 1½d. Stamp Here

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on the BLOT-FREE "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets Bulletin."

I want (a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.
(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply.
(Cross out line which is not applicable.)

Name .....

Address .....

N.B.—Enclose with entry or post direct to "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford St., W.C.2

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 161. Closing Postmark Friday, July 14, 1939

IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

6 SQUARES 1s. 6d. 8 SQUARES 2s.

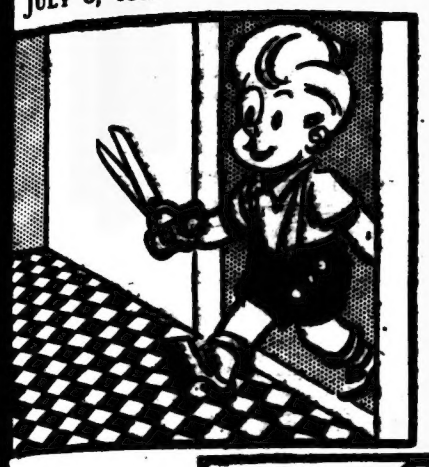
In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed ..... P.O. value .....

Address ..... No. .....

.....

ANOTHER GIANT HOLIDAY OFFER COMING!



The Editor Laughs Last

THE KID BY LEES

The second instalment of Income Tax has become due. If there is any change in respect of your personal allowances during the year ending April 5, 1939, you may be able to reclaim relief off this instalment.

In case of difficulty in this or any other matter, write to: JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Enquiries, to be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be written in ink for preference.

The replies given below to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

BOXER (Rainham).—"I am the only man who has ever knocked the local champion on his back." You should be more careful with that car of yours.

A. C. (Charlton). — "Is it true that temper spoils golf?" No, just the reverse.

Q. R. (Stockton).—"I object to chicken soup that has no chicken in it." But did you ever find horse in horse-radish?

F. H. (Mitcham).—"I am a man with plenty of spirit, but I lack one thing." A corkscrew?

F. L. (Hailsham).—"I'm really a very good fellow in my own way." Then why don't you get out of it?

Mr. E. (Stoke).—"My wife and I have just won £800 in a sweepstake. What should I do with my share?" (See letter below.)

Mrs. E. (Stoke).—"I have just won £800 in a sweepstake. How do you think I could spend it best?" (See letter above.)

*

R. M. (WEYBRIDGE).—"WHAT CAN ONE DO WHEN TO TRAVEL EVEN THE SHORTEST DISTANCE BY TRAIN MAKES ONE SLEEPY?" YAWN.

*

GEORGE (Newmarket).—"After I'd read a long novel about a racehorse, I went to see the film of it." And did it beat the book?

W. P. (Everton).—"I lost my wallet containing £20 the other day. What is my best chance of getting it back?" Advertise in the local paper offering £25 reward.

D. B. (Witham).—"I send herewith the first chapter of a book I am writing. Have you any suggestions to make?" Yes, that you should make it the last chapter as well.

D. C. (Weymouth). — "Say what you like, women have always gone out to attract men." Oh, no. Some have got on very well by staying indoors.

Mr. L. (Balham). — "Although I have been married twenty years, I can truthfully say that my wife is my last thought each night and my first in the morning." See letter below.

Mrs. L. (Balham).—"I have been married twenty years to a night watchman." See letter above.

*

W. K. (HASLEMERE).—"NOT LONG AGO I CLIMBED THE FACE OF A HUNDRED-FOOT CLIFF." FLAG-SELLERS ARE SOMETIMES VERY PERSISTENT, AREN'T THEY?

*

CELIA (Wandsworth). — "Are high-heeled shoes for women a comparatively recent innovation?" No, they were invented years ago by a woman who was kissed on the forehead.

M. B. (Coventry).—"Recently I have been visiting some of our castles that have stood for hundreds of years, and there is one man I should very much like to show them to." The builder of your house?

C. C. (Sunbury).—"I was in hospital for several months." Pretty sick or pretty nurse?

A. B. (Glasgow).—"He claims that he can make people taller by stretching their limbs." Sounds like a leg-pull.

T. E. (Newcastle).—"I am going to make a fortune out of my business." Why, can't you make anything in it?

BOBBY (Kew).—"I'm last in everything at school." But first in the street when it's time to go home?

*

R. N. (GOOLE).—"IF YOU NEED EXERCISE, WHY NOT TAKE UP FENCING IN YOUR GARDEN?" BECAUSE OUR NEIGHBOUR WOULD BE SURE TO INSIST ON US PUTTING IT BACK.

*

R. N. (Taunton).—"What a pity everybody does not adopt the principle of hearing no evil, speaking no evil and seeing no evil." Yes, but what would the gossip-writers do for a living?

D. S. (Seaford).—"It has not been a particularly good year for me, but I am expecting a windfall before long." See letter below.

T. S. (Seaford).—"My brother has only one apple on his tree and the wind may bring that down any day." See letter above.

Mrs. J. M. (Manchester).—"What's the good of a holiday if you come back to find the wolf waiting on the doorstep?" Turn to page 39, shoot him with a £300 *Bullet*—and celebrate with a Free "All-in" Holiday!

WELL-TO-DO (Leicester).—"I made a comfortable fortune at an early age. I met a man with money which, coupled with my experience, built up a fine business." Now he has the experience, and you have the cash?

S. O. (Torquay).—"Let me see, it was about the middle of last week that my wife told me she heard burglars in the house but I refused to go downstairs." You hoped they'd eat that confounded cold meat?

R. B. (Minehead). — "Can you tell me how many sweet-pea blooms grow on a stalk?" All of them.

R. M. (Kettering).—"I do my best to keep money on the move." We like an occasional game of shove-ha'penny, too.

G. Y. (Keswick).—"Can you guess why hundreds of people suddenly got up and left the cinema?" The show was over?

F. M. (Hove).—"My contention is that no man can keep his relatives submissive by will power." You mean no poor man?

*

NEWLY-WED (BATH).—"THOUGH I KEPT THE DINNER IN THE GAS OVEN FOR THE TIME DIRECTED IN MY COOKERY BOOK, IT DID NOT COOK." YOU FORGOT TO LIGHT THE GAS?

*

M. W. (Rugby). — "What would our suffering thousands do if they didn't have the wireless to listen to?" Suffer a little less.

MASTER (Ilminster). — "I explained to the youngster the exact position in which he must parade in the gymnasium and warned him that, if I had any more trouble, I should report him." So now he knows where he stands, eh?

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

NORTHERN DESPATCH:—"... for driving a motor car REMIND a third party insurance policy ..."

THE IRISH PRESS:—"... who was not on duty told him to WAIL till she had brought Miss M— to the telephone."

THE LEEDS MERCURY:—"The King and Queen attended DIVINE service on board this morning ..."

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH AND MORNING POST:—"Bulgarian frontier guards reported to have attacked Greek frontier POSTS, killing four soldiers and wounding five."

WESTMORLAND GAZETTE:—"The two sisters wore mauve dresses of lace with headdresses OF shoes to tone ..."

IRISH PRESS:—"... for which Ireland has never looked, and never would look, in RAIN."

NEWS-CHRONICLE:—"The WET Indies made good use of an easy wicket at Cambridge yesterday ..."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"It was decided to request the League's High Commissioners in the Free City to return to Danzig to FAKE a report on the present situation."

SUN and SEA cause DRY SCALP

Keep your hair lustrous and healthy this quick, easy way

YOUR hair has two deadly enemies — hot sun and salt water. They bleach and split your hair. They dry the natural oils from your scalp and cause Dry Scalp. If unchecked, Dry Scalp leads to dandruff, falling hair and even baldness.

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic is the hair dressing specially made to end Dry Scalp. Every morning rub on a few drops with your finger-tips until your scalp tingles.

After this "Vaseline" Hair Tonic massage you can swim or lie in the sun all day. Yet your hair is absolutely protected, and will comb perfectly into place.

New economy size at 2/6

There is now a 2/6 size of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic containing twice as much as the 1/6 bottle. Sizes 1/6, 2/6 and 3/-. Prices and free offer not applicable to Eire.

MARVELLOUS FREE OFFER!

For a trial bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and a packet of "Vaseline" Soapless Shampoo send two penny stamps (to cover postage, etc.) with your name and address (in block letters) to Dept. J.B.29. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W. 10.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-.

LOVELY SALE BARGAIN!

2/6 DOWN secures fine quality Real Silvered Fur Tie, offered by Bapties on page 26. Post the coupon in the announcement for Sale catalogue giving full particulars of this and other wonderful Fur bargains, or write, mentioning "John Bull," to C. A. Bapties, Ltd., Dept. J.B.6, 188, Regent Street, London, W.1.

Competitors' Guide to Success

By "Compex"

"Bullets" Illustrated: On the Warpath—Dad—Heard Tipperary Crooned!

Advice to a Woman Scorned

If you have a question to ask or an opinion to express about competitions, write to "Compex," Competitors' Parliament, JOHN BULL, *93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

ALL I have managed in *Bullets* up to now are a few free-entry prizes. My husband gives me very little encouragement: in fact, he says JOHN BULL sends out awards to readers selected for various reasons.—Mrs. E. T., Erdington, Birmingham.

You have my sympathy, madam, as have all competitors who have to cope with "Doubting Thomases" in their homes. But you have also a glorious opportunity for sweet revenge. Ignore your good man's theories, remembering that the only reason for a "Bullet's" success is the merit put into it. That's the way to knock him flat one Friday—with a First Prize telegram!

Big Families

I've often read about winners with one or two children, seldom with five or six. Do you think that we with large families have brains too jaded to produce the "gems" that reach the top?—Mrs. J. A. H., Sleaford.

Admittedly a large, growing family does not help concentration—my own two kiddies do their best to prevent my working at home. But competitors manage somehow: On this page you will read of a father of five winning First Prize. Another is featured in this week's "Bullets" Bulletin, and one of the holiday winners mentioned in the accompanying Crossword Gazette is the mother of a big family.

Saturday Posting

Couldn't the closing postmark for *Bullets* be changed from Saturday to Sunday?—A. E. C., Pudsey.

Originally "Bullets" had to reach Long Acre ON the closing Saturday, giving only near-by entrants the opportunity of posting early that day. Saturday has put all entrants on an equal basis, so far as time for entry is concerned. No further extension of time is considered advisable

Look the Other Way

I have had enough free-entry prizes to paper our bungalow, but suppose this part of the country is the wrong direction for the big awards.—M. W., Labworth Park Estate, Canvey Island.

I suggest that it is your competition outlook that is wrong. Each of those free-entry prizes proved you could win. Dozens of competitors like yourself have jumped from such minor awards to First Prize.

Get the right idea about smaller prizes and you're more likely to get the right idea for a big one.

Out of Step

I was disappointed not to receive any award for my *Bullet* about our young men who are now busy "forming fours."—Mrs. R. C., Brentwood.

In the Army of to-day they form "threes." Comments must be accurate as well as apt to merit prizes.

About the P.M.

Would my efforts be disqualified if written in red ink? Another question: Would one of my *Bullets* have the same prospect of success whether I TAN Mr. Chamberlain down or patted him on the back?—N. P., Wakefield.

Red ink gets neither extra nor less attention for your entries. In making political "Bullets," avoid violently one-sided comments on any individual, but hit hard in any cause likely to appeal to most JOHN BULL *readers. Watching winning "Bullets" will show you the way.*

Grouse about Golf

To find the winning answer—PUTT—to the clue, "Strong Wind makes it much harder to do this accurately," one must either be a golfer, have a golfing friend, or live near a golf course.—J. B., Kirkdale, Liverpool.

I see no sound objection to a Crossword which encourages the entrant to extend his general knowledge—in fact, I consider JOHN BULL'S *puzzles are to be commended from that very point of view.*

How They Voted

I would like to see published at least one winning *Bullet* based on each *Example* provided. Could not the list of *Examples* be cut down to, say, twelve *Examples*, so as to make this possible?—C. A., Bispham.

Postcard poll recently conducted by "Bullets" Bulletin revealed fact that 66 per cent. of entrants prefer the present arrangement, by which 20 "ready-made" Examples are provided and six incomplete Examples, to which competitors may add one word of their own.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,175

FIRST PRIZE, 20s Weekly Life Pension and Choice of Holiday —or £250:

A. SIMPSON, 53, Dundonald Road, Ross Walk, Leicester.
Example: OUT FOR MORE
Bullet: AS "MY STRUGGLE" INDICATES.

SECOND PRIZE, £25

W. BAILEY, 10, Dundonald Road, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire.
Example: The Right Spirit
Bullet: Inspired Morris—Inspires Nuffield.

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

R. H. JONES, 57, Buxton Road, Luton, Beds.
Example: Invincible
Bullet: Our Shore? Hourly, Surer!

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: G. A. CLARKE, 2, Leicester Road, Groby, Leics.
The Right Spirit — Has "Reburnished" Britain's Escutcheon.

£8: Mrs. T. BOOTH, Caythorpe, Lowdham, Notts.
Land Of Smiles—Sighted Friday—Astern, Tuesday!

£7: J. W. GRAVES, 17, William Street, G.N. Terrace, Lincoln.
Germany's Neighbours—Fear "Dawn" *Eagle* Heralds.

£6: J. R. N. MOSS, "Red Roof," Woodway Road, Teignmouth, Devon.
Golden Sands — Mirage — "Low Water," Reality.

£5: P. McTAVISH, 64, Pentre Gardens, Grangetown, Cardiff.
Golden Sands—Hours—Days—Years—Wedding!

£4: Mrs. E. STEVENS, 176, Winsover Road, Spalding.
Slamming The Door—Knocked Excursionists Through Other!

£3: P. J. STANTON, 144, Fishponds Road, Tooting, S.W.
Slamming The Door—Brings "Stucco" Down, Hitler!

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

A. C. DEAN, 60, Honor Oak Park, Forest Hill, S.E.
Packed Like Sardines—And In *Fish* Siding!

L. DODSON, 48, Manchester Road, Swindon.
We Need A Holiday, But—Winter Before Dad's "Winner"!

T. GRAHAM, 28, Dovercourt Road, Sheffield.
Packed Like Sardines—Until Holidays "Spread Out."

A. W. HILL, "St. Brelades," Shinfield, Reading.
Whenever Dad Forgets—Troubles, Gets In Trouble!

B. MALLETT, 20, Sandfield Road, St. Albans, Herts.
If Hitler Plans—Roads, He's Planning Inroads.

G. H. NOBLE, 91, Ring Road, Crossgates, Leeds.
Shows He's A Sportsman—"Ow! Well Aimed, Missus!"

S. S. PARFITT, 49, Allen Street, Mountain Ash, Glam.
Whenever Dad Smokes—Ash Falling—Lads Falling!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

W. B. POSTLETHWAITE, 8, Baytree Road, Brixton, S.W.
Giles Came To London And—"Sowing Oats" Lost "Turnip"!

Miss P. N. RIDLEY, 283, Wollaton Road, Wollaton Park, Nottingham.
Annoyed The Fuehrer—Poland's "Stand"—Our "Strides."

Mrs. D. TAYLOR, "Highgate," New Road, Armitage, Rugeley, Staffs.
Life's A Battle, But—"Head Up" Beating "Sniper."

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices.

READ THESE RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Shipyard Worker's SHIP comes HOME

WITH five growing children to feed and shipyard work only casual, life has been far from easy for the thirty-five-year-old ship's caulker and his wife whom you see here.

Often, Mr. F. Coulson told a JOHN BULL man, they had both longed to move from No. 57, Scarborough Road, West Hartlepool, and live in a more comfortable, up-to-date house.

To pay a substantial deposit on a new home and to replace all their old furniture would have taken them years of scraping and saving. But simply by putting their heads together Mr. and Mrs. Coulson have secured the needed cash from JOHN BULL, as well as plenty to spare for new clothes and extra luxuries also.

A few simple words, on a single sixpenny coupon, brought all these joys. They formed the neat and human *Bullet* with which Mr. Coulson won our 1,174th First Prize: BETTER OUTLOOK—HAD I "HAD EYES."

"That *Bullet* summed up my own experience," this £300 winner said. "I headed your 710th prize-list ten years ago, but unfortunately put my prize-money into a furniture business, tried to run it myself—and lost the lot! I was only twenty-five at the time, but had I 'had eyes,' my outlook would certainly have been better to-day! However, I went back to my trade and, though it has been a hard struggle, we have managed somehow. All through the years *Bullets* have been a pleasant hobby for my wife as well as for me.

"We've always done *Bullets* together ever since we were courting sixteen years ago. Now we wait until the children are all in bed: then we settle down to it at the table, each making up efforts and giving them to the other to judge.

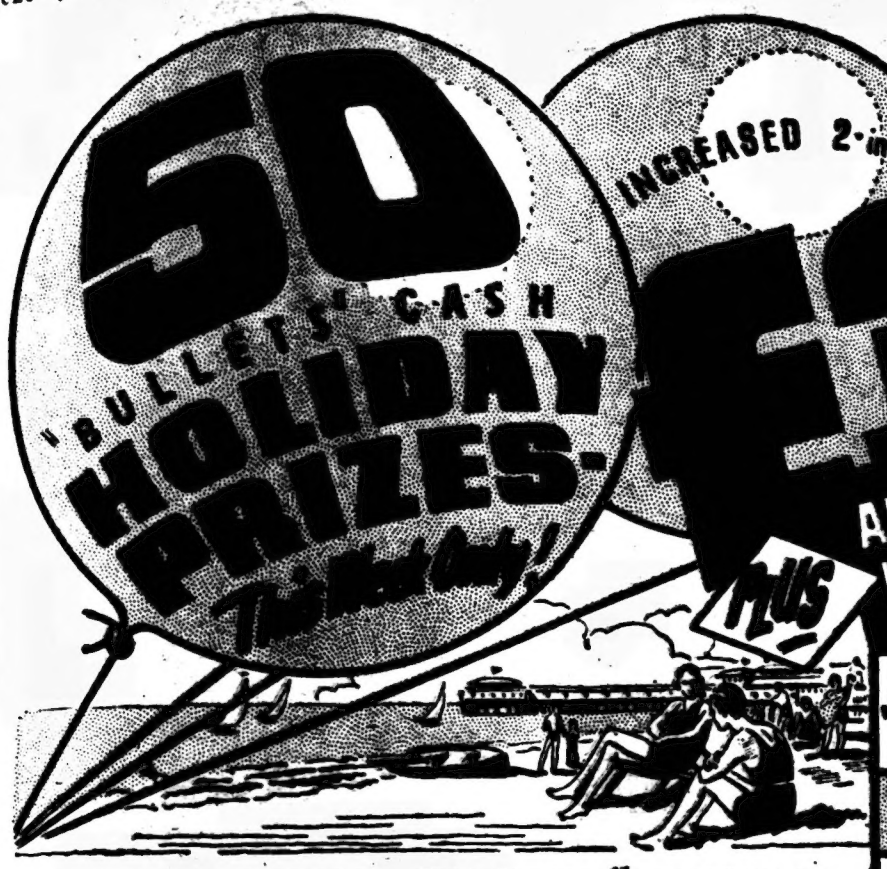
"We have found *Bullets Bulletin* invaluable. Taking its hints and studying the winning efforts is, I'm convinced, the sure road to success.

"The kids have presented me with a long list of presents to buy," Mr. Coulson said with a smile. "But my wife's going to get the best present of all—*a new home!*"

* * *

Think of all the good uses to which YOU could put a JOHN BULL cheque for £300. Then turn to that fine Holiday Offer on the opposite page without delay, noting that with this week's First of £300 you would be privileged to enjoy a glorious "All-in" Seaside Holiday for Two as a celebration of your big cash success.

Win £300 and FREE HOLIDAY
—Coupons on opposite page



£25	£10	
£9	£8	£7
£6	£5	£4
£3	10 of £2.10s.	

30 HOLIDAY FARES of 25/-

200 CONSOLATION AWARDS

THOUSANDS OF OTHER PRIZES

You CAN BE Next FOR A FREE ALL-IN HOLIDAY

Above is Mr. H. Varley of 1, Hamilton Road, Carr Hall, Nelson, Lancs. He and his wife are at this very moment enjoying to the full their "All-in" Holiday at Margate, won in Bullets No. 1,172.

By special arrangement with Planned Holidays Ltd., this week's First Prize-winner and companion will similarly be presented by "John Bull" with Free Week's Hotel Accommodation at Margate, Free Rail Tickets and special "Holiday Season Tickets" providing Free Variety Shows, Free Concerts, Free Bathing, Free Tennis, Golf and Bowls, Free Dancing, Free Deck-Chairs, Free Greyhound Racing and other free privileges as well.

WIN the FREEDOM of the SEASIDE for a "BULLET."

HOW TO WIN

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply take *Example* and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

Here is a good instance of how to arrive at your winning words. Some weeks ago a London "Bulleteer" selected the Example, WHAT THE COUNTRY NEEDS; remembering reading in this newspaper about the need to

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

JOB FOR A BRITON
WITHOUT WAR
TRUST THE GOVERNMENT AND
HE'S A FISHERMAN, SO
OLD AND BENT
SHOWS HE'S A HYPOCRITE
WHEN GRANNY WAS A GIRL
RUSHING FOR SHELTER
BIG BROTHER
HEMPSEED GROWLED AND
MADE HIM GASP
NASTY JAR
NEVER SATISFIED
ONE CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL, SO
BRAN TO MAN
"SILENCE!"
OFF WENT THE TRAIN AND
KEPT WAITING
WITH HIS HEAD IN THE CLOUDS
CLEAR AS DAYLIGHT

ADDED ATTRACTION:

Use "Examples" below and for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then you will find it easy to discover alternative and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

WAR'S .....
OF ABYSSIN .....
..... FOR THE BOSS
GOING TO .....
..... ON THE PUSH
IN CHILDHOOD'S .....

T 'COMPEX' HELP YOU!

See feature on opposite page.

w more food, he jotted down the d "crops." A thought of the danger country had been through gave the associated word "shave" and he completed his First Prize *Bullet*, AT THE COUNTRY NEEDS—DOUBLE MEMBER "CLOSE SHAVE"]

efore starting on your own efforts, dy the leading Bullets in our 1,179th test on the opposite page. Then to the Examples, for your entry t be posted on or before Saturday, y 15

AMPLE
LLET
AMPLE
LLET

No .....
ree to enter in accordance the rules announced on site page. With 1 Coupon P.O. for 6d.
79) | Closing postmark SAT., JULY 15.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
(1,179) | Closing postmark SAT., JULY 15.

Signed .....
Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

AMPLE
LLET
AMPLE
LLET

No. .....
ree to enter in accordance the rules announced on site page. With 2 Coupons P.O. for 1s.
9) | Closing postmark SAT., JULY 15.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,179, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....
Address .....

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage. Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,179 and Crossword No. 161, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner. Closing postmark for such joint entry, Saturday, July 15.

ENTRY FEE You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,179, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

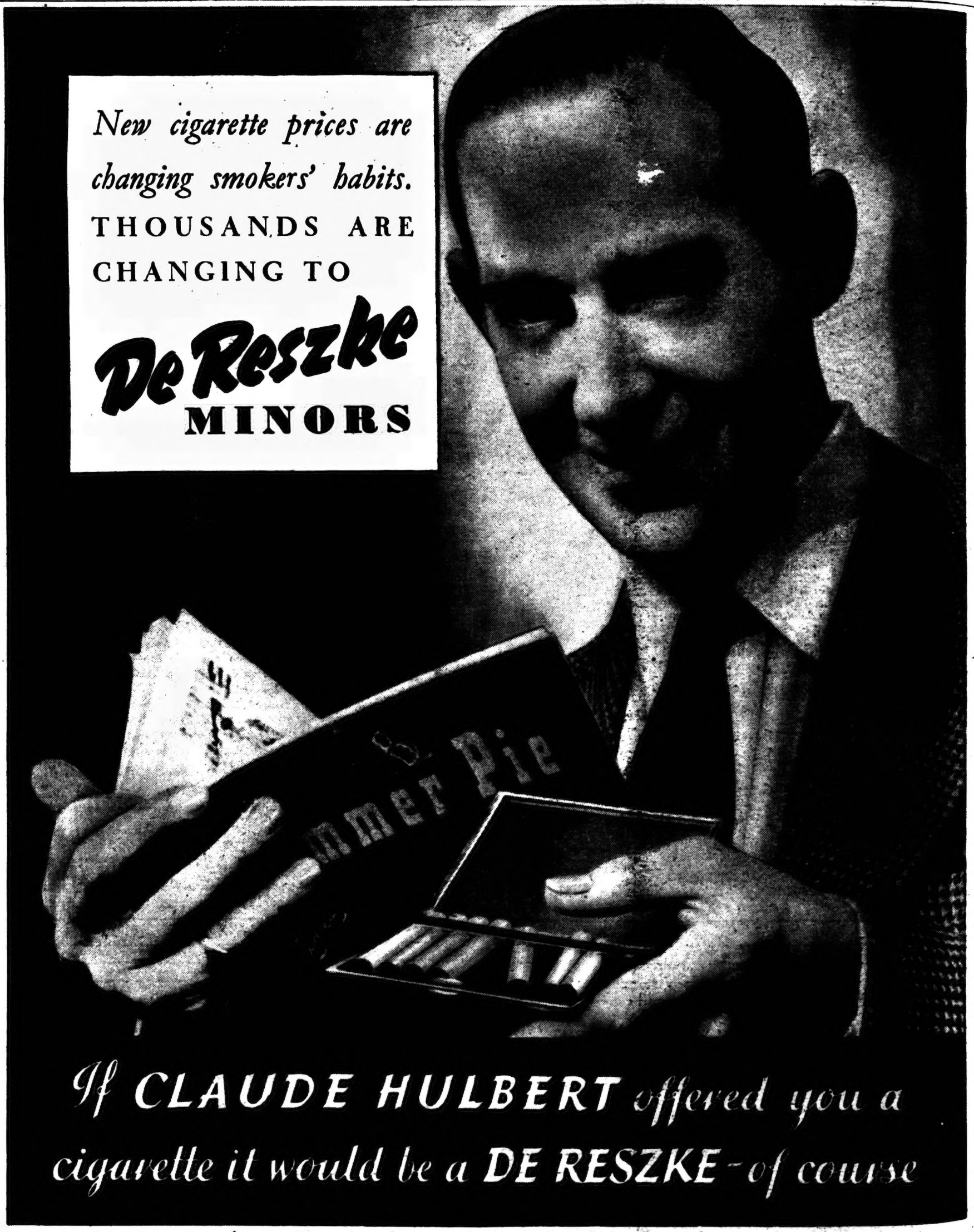
NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,179 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 won by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,174 will be displayed in the window of W. Goodall 10, Read Street, West Hartlepool.

Should you wish to enter more than coupons provided, you may use plain paper.

YOU CAN POST ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, JULY 15.

New cigarette prices are changing smokers' habits.
THOUSANDS ARE CHANGING TO
De Reszke MINORS



If CLAUDE HULBERT *offered you a cigarette it would be a* DE RESZKE *- of course*

De Reszke MINORS *in taste, quality and packing are the equal of much dearer cigarettes; and although they are not quite so large they last the full 10 minutes.*

10 for 4½d. 20 for 9d.
Also in pocket tins for 1/- (27 cigarettes)

De Reszke MAJORS, extra large, 10 for 6½d.

F.3 J.B.1.79 66*

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